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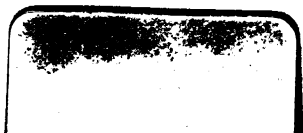
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SHAKESPEARE'S POEMS.



W. M. Craig del.

J. Chapman sc.

*So slides he down upon his grained batt,  
And comely distant sits he by her side.*

Vol. 2. p. 100.

# POEMS

BY

*WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.*

WITH

ILLUSTRATIVE REMARKS,

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

To which is prefixed

A SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR'S LIFE.

WITH ENGRAVINGS.

---

---

He had the dialogue and different skill:  
Catching all passions in his craft of will.

VOL. II. P. 121.

---

---

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

---

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*Malone J. 256.*

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**PRINTED BY JAMES GUNDEE,**  
*Ivy-Lane.*

# POEMS

ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

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## INJURIOUS TIME.

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---

**L**IKE as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,  
So do our minutes hasten to their end :  
Each changing place with that which goes before,  
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.  
Nativity once in the main of light,  
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,  
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,  
And time that gave, doth now his gift confound.  
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,  
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,  
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,  
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow.  
And yet to times, in hope my verse shall stand,  
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

Against my love shall be as I am now,  
With time's injurious hand crush'd and o'er-worn ;  
When hours have drain'd his blood, and fill'd his brow  
With lines and wrinkles ; when his youthful morn

---

---

INJURIOUS TIME.

---

---

Hath travel'd on to age's steepy night,  
And all those beauties, whereof now he's king,  
Are vanishing, or vanish'd out of sight,  
Stealing away the treasure of his spring :  
For such a time do I now fortify,  
Against confounding age's cruel knife,  
That he shall never cut from memory  
My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life.  
His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,  
And they shall live, and he in them still green.

When I have seen, by time's fell hand defac'd,  
The rich proud cost of out-worn bury'd age :  
When sometimes lofty towers I see down raz'd  
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage ;  
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain  
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,  
And the firm soil win of the wat'ry main,  
Increasing store with loss, and loss with store ;  
When I have seen such interchange of state,  
Or state itself confounded, to decay :  
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminat,  
That time will come and take my love away.  
This thought is as a death, which cannot chuse  
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,  
But sad mortality o'er-sways their power :

---

INJURIOUS TIME.

---

How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,  
Whose action is no stronger than a flower ;  
O ! how shall summer's hungry breath hold out  
Against the wrackful siege of battering days ;  
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,  
Nor gates of steel so strong, but time decays ?  
O ! fearful meditation ! where, alack !  
Shall time's best jewel from time's chest lie hid ;  
Or what strong hand can hold this swift foot back,  
Or who his spoil on beauty can forbid ?  
O ! none ! unless this miracle have might,  
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

Tir'd with all these, for restful death I cry ;  
As to behold desert a beggar borne,  
And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,  
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,  
And gilded honour shamefully misplac'd,  
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,  
And right protection wrongfully disgrac'd,  
And strength by limping sway disabled,  
And art made tongue-ty'd by authority,  
And folly (doctor-like) controlling skill,  
And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,  
And captive Good attending captain Ill ?  
Tir'd with all these, from these would I begone,  
Save that to die, I leave my love alone.

---

---

TRUE ADMIRATION.

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---

## TRUE ADMIRATION.

WHAT is your substance, whereof are you made,  
That millions of strange shadows on you tend ;  
Since every one, hath every one, one shade,  
And you but one, can every shadow lend ?  
Describe ADONIS, and the counterfeit  
Is poorly imitated after you ;  
On HELEN's cheek all art of beauty set,  
And you in Grecian tires are painted new,  
Speak of the spring and foyzen of the year,  
The one doth shadow of your beauty show,  
The other as your bounty doth appear,  
And you in every blessed shape we know :  
In all external grace you have some part,  
But you like none, none you, for constant heart.

O ! how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,  
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give !  
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem  
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.  
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye,  
As the perfumed tincture of the roses,  
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly,  
When summer's breath their masked buds discloses :  
But, for their virtue's only in their show,  
They live unmov'd, and unrespected fade,  
Die to themselves : sweet roses do not so,  
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made.  
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,  
When that shall fade, by verse distils your truth.

---

---

## THE FORCE OF LOVE.

## THE FORCE OF LOVE.

BEING your slave, what should I do, but tend  
Upon the hours and times of your desire,  
I have no precious time at all to spend,  
Nor services to do till you require:  
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour,  
Whilst I (my sovereign) watch the clock for you;  
Nor think the bitterness of absence sour,  
When you have bid your servant once adieu,  
Nor dare I question with my jealous thought,  
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose;  
But like a sad slave stay, and think of nought,  
Save where you are: how happy you make those!  
So true a fool is love, that in your will,  
(Tho' you do any thing) he thinks no ill.

That God forbid, that made me first your slave,  
I should in thought controul your times of pleasure;  
Or at your hand th' account of hours to crave,  
Being your vassal, bound to stay your leisure.  
O let me suffer (being at your beck)  
Th' imprison'd absence of your liberty;  
And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each check,  
Without accusing you of injury!  
Be where you list, your charter is so strong,  
That you yourself may privilege your time  
To what you will; to you it doth belong  
Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime.



---

*THE BEAUTY OF NATURE.—LOVE'S CRUELTY.*

---

I am to wait, tho' waiting so be hell :  
Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.

---

*THE BEAUTY OF NATURE.*

IF there be nothing new, but that which is  
Hath been before, how are our brains beguil'd ;  
Which labouring for invention, bear amiss  
The second burden of a former child ?  
O ! that record could with a backward look,  
E'en of five hundred courses of the sun ;  
Show me your image in some antique book,  
Since mine at first in character was done !  
That I might see what the old world could say  
To this composed wonder of your frame ;  
Whether we're mended, or where better they,  
Or whether revolution be the same.

O ! sure I am, the wits of former days,  
To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

---

*LOVE'S CRUELTY.*

FROM fairest creatures we desire encrease  
That thereby beauty's rose may never die ;  
But as the ripper should by time decease,  
His tender air might bear his memory.

---

LOVE'S CRUELTY.

---

But thou contracted to thine own bright eyes,  
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel ;  
Making a famine where abundance lies :  
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.  
Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament,  
And only herald to the gaudy spring,  
Within thine own bud buriest thy content,  
And, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggarding :  
    Pity the world, or else this glutton be  
    To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,  
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,  
Thy youth's proud livery, so gaz'd on now,  
Will be a tatter'd weed of small worth held :  
Then being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,  
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days ;  
To say within thy own deep-sunken eyes,  
Where an all-eating shame and thriftless praise  
How much more praise deserv'd thy beauty's use,  
If thou couldst answer, this fair child of mine  
Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse,  
Proving his beauty by succession thine ?  
    This were to be new made when thou art old,  
    And see thy blood warm, when thou feel'st it cold.

Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest,  
Now is the time that face should form another ;

---

*YOUTHFUL GLORY.*

---

Whose fresh repair, if now thou not renewest,  
Thou dost beguile the world, unbless some mother :  
For where is she so fair, whose un-ear'd womb  
Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry ?  
Or who is he so fond, will be the tomb  
Of his self-love, to stop posterity ?  
Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee  
Calls back the lovely April of her prime :  
So thou thro' windows of thine age shalt see,  
Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.  
But if thou live, remember not to be ;  
Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

---

*YOUTHFUL GLORY.*

O THAT you were yourself ! but, love, you are  
No longer yours, then you yourself here live :  
Against this coming end you should prepare,  
And your sweet semblance to some other give.  
So should that beauty, which you hold in lease,  
Find no determination ; then you were  
Yourself again, after yourself's decease,  
When your sweet issue your sweet form should bear.  
Who let so fair a house fall to decay,  
Which husbandry in honour might uphold  
Against the stormy gusts of winter's day,  
And barren rage of death's eternal cold ?

---

YOUTHFUL GLORY.

---

O ! none but unthrifths ; dear my love, you know  
You had a father, let your son say so.

Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck,  
And yet methinks I have astronomy ;  
But not to tell of good or evil luck,  
Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons quality ;  
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,  
Pointing to each his thunder, rain, and wind ;  
Or say, with princes if it shall go well,  
By aught predict that I in heaven find :  
But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,  
And constant stars ; in them I read such art,  
As truth and beauty shall together thrive,  
If from thyself, to store thou would'st convert :  
Or else of thee this I prognosticate,  
Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date

When I consider, every thing that grows  
Holds in perfection but a little moment ;  
That this huge stage presenteth nought but shows,  
Whereon the stars in secret influence comment :  
When I perceive, that men as plants encrease  
Cheared and check'd even by the self-same sky :  
Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,  
And wear the brave state out of memory :  
Then the conceit of this inconstant stay,  
Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,  
Where wasteful time debateth with decay,  
To change your day of youth to sullied night ;

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---

GOOD ADMONITION.

---

---

And all in war with time, for love of you,  
As he takes from you, I ingraft you new.

---

## GOOD ADMONITION.

BUT wherefore do not you a mightier way,  
Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time ;  
And fortify yourself, in your decay,  
With means more blessed than my barren rhyme ?  
Now stand you on the top of happy hours,  
And many maiden gardens yet unset,  
With virtuous wish would bear you living flowers,  
Much liker than your painted counterfeit.  
So should the lines of life that life repair,  
Which this (time's pencil) or my pupil pen,  
Neither in inward worth, nor outward fair,  
Can make you live yourself in eyes of men.  
To give away yourself, keeps yourself still,  
And you must live, drawn by your own sweet skill.

Who will believe my verse, in time to come,  
If it were fill'd with your most high deserts ?  
Tho' yet, heav'n knows, it is but as a tomb,  
Which hides your life, and shows not half your parts :  
If I could write the beauty of your eyes,  
And in fresh numbers number all your graces ;  
The age to come would say, this poet lies,  
Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces.

---

---

*QUICK PREVENTION.*

---

---

So should my papers (yellow'd with their age)  
Be scorn'd, like old men of less truth than tongue ;  
And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage,  
And stretched metre of an antick song.

But were some child of yours alive that time,  
You should live twice in it, and in my rhyme,

---

*QUICK PREVENTION.*

LO ! in the Orient when the gracious light  
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye  
Doth homage to his new appearing sight,  
Serving with looks his sacred majesty ;  
And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly hill,  
Resembling strong youth in his middle age,  
Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,  
Attending on his golden pilgrimage.  
But when from highmost pitch, with weary care,  
Like feeble age he reeleth from the day ;  
The eyes ('force duteous) now converted are  
From his low track, and look another way.

So thou, thyself, outgoing in thy noon,  
Unlook'd on, diest, unless thou get a son.

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MAGAZINE OF BEAUTY.

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## MAGAZINE OF BEAUTY.

UNTHRIFTY lovelines, why dost thou spend  
Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy ?  
Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend,  
And being frank, she lends to those are free.  
Then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse  
The bounteous largess given thee to give ?  
Profitless usurer, why dost thou use  
So great a sum or sums, yet canst not live ?  
For having traffic with thyself alone,  
Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive ;  
Then how when nature calls thee to begone,  
What acceptable audit canst thou leave ?  
Thy unus'd beauty must be tomb'd with thee,  
Which used lives th' executor to be.

Those hours that with gentle work did frame  
The lovely gaze, where every eye doth dwell,  
Will play the tyrants to the very fame,  
And that unfair, which fairly doth excel.  
For never-resting time leads summer on  
To hideous winter, and confounds him there ;  
Sap check'd with frost, and lusty leaves quite gone ;  
Beauty o'er-snow'd, and barrenness every where.  
Then were not summer's distillation left  
A liquid prisoner, pent in walls of glass,  
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,  
Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was,

---

*AN INVITATION TO MARRIAGE.*

---

Put flowers distill'd, tho' they with winter meet,  
Lose but their show, their substance still lives sweet.

Then let not winter's ragged hand deface  
In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd  
Make sweet some vial, treasure thou some place  
With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-kill'd :  
That use is not forbidden usury,  
Which happies those that pay the willing loan;  
That's for thyself to breed another thee,  
Or ten times happier, be it ten for one :  
Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,  
If ten of thine ten times refigur'd thee ;  
Then what could death do, if thou should'st depart,  
Leaving thee living in posterity ?  
Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too fair  
To be death's conquest, and make worms thine heir.

---

*AN INVITATION TO MARRIAGE.*

MUSIC to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly ?  
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy :  
Why lov'st thou that, which thou receiv'st not gladly,  
Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy ?  
If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,  
By unions married, do offend thine ear,  
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds  
In singleness, the parts that thou should'st bear.



---

---

AN INVITATION TO MARRIAGE.

---

---

Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,  
Strikes each in each, by mutual ordering ;  
Resembling fire, and child, and happy mother,  
Who all in one, one pleasing note do sing :  
    Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one,  
    Sings this to thee, thou single wilt prove none.

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye,  
That thou consum'st thyself in single life ?  
Ah ! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,  
The world will wail thee like a makeless wife :  
*The world will be thy widow*, and still weep,  
That thou no form of thee hast left behind ;  
When every private widow well may keep,  
By children's eyes, her husband's shape in mind.  
Look what an unthrift in the world doth spend,  
Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it ;  
But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,  
And kept unus'd, the us'rer so destroys it.  
    No love towards others in that bosom sits,  
    That on himself such mard'rous shame commits.

For shame ! deny that thou bear'st love to any,  
Who for thyself art so unprovident ;  
Grant, if thou wilt, thou art below'd of many,  
But that thou none lov'st, is most evident :  
For thou art so possess'd with mard'rous hate,  
That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to conspire,

---

AN INVITATION TO MARRIAGE.

---

Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate,  
Which, to repair, should be thy chief desire.  
O change thy thought, that I may change my mind !  
Shall hate be fairer lodg'd than gentle love ?  
Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind,  
Or, to thyself, at least, kind-hearted prove.  
Make thee another self, for love of me,  
That beauty still may live in thine or thee.

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou grow'st  
In one of thine, from that which thou departest ;  
And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestow'st,  
Thou may'st call thine, when thou from youth convertest.  
Herein live wisdom, beauty, and encrease ;  
Without this, folly, age, and cold decay ;  
If all were minded so, the times should cease,  
And threescore years would make the world away.  
Let those whom nature hath not made for store,  
Harsh, featureless, and rude, barrenly perish :  
Look whom she best endow'd she gave the more ;  
Which bounteous gift, thou should'st in bounty cherish :  
She carv'd thee for her seal, and meant thereby,  
Thou should'st print more, nor let that copy die.

When I do count the clock, that tells the time,  
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night ;  
When I behold the violet past prime,  
And sable curls are silver'd o'er with white ;

---

*FALSE BELIEF.*

---

When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,  
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,  
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,  
Borne on the bier, with white and bristly beard ;  
Then of thy beauty do I question make,  
That thou among the wastes of time must go,  
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,  
And die as fast as they see others grow ;  
And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence,  
Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence.

---

*FALSE BELIEF.*

WHEN my love swears that she is made of truth,  
I do believe her, (tho' I know she lies)  
That she might think me some untutor'd youth,  
Unskilful in the world's false forgeries.  
Thus vainly thinking, that she thinks me young,  
Altho' I know my years be past the best ;  
I, smiling, credit her false speaking tongue,  
Out-facing faults in love, with love's ill rest.  
But wherefore says my love, that she is young ?  
And wherefore say not I, that I am old ?  
O love's best habit is a smoothing tongue,  
And age (in love) loves not to have years told.  
Therefore I'll lie with love, and love with me,  
Since that our faults in love thus smother'd be,

---

---

A TEMPTATION.—FAST AND LOOSE.

---

---

*A TEMPTATION.*

TWO loves I have, of comfort and despair,  
That, like two spirits, do suggest me still :  
My better angel is a man, (right fair)  
My worser spirit a woman (colour'd ill.)  
To win me soon to hell, my female evil  
Tempteth my better angel from my side,  
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,  
Wooing his purity with her fair pride.  
And whether that my angel be turn'd friend,  
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell ;  
For being both to me, both to each friend,  
I guess one angel in another's hell.  
The truth I shall not know, but live in doubt,  
'Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

---

*FAST AND LOOSE.*

DID not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,  
'Gainst whom the world could not hold argument,  
Persuade my heart to this false perjury,  
Vows for thee broke, deserve not punishment.  
A woman I forswore ; but I will prove,  
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee :  
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love,  
Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me,

---

*TRUE CONTENT.*

---

My vow was breath, and breath a vapour is ;  
Then thou, fair sun, that on this earth doth shine,  
Exhale this vapour vow, in thee it is :  
If broken then, it is no fault of mine.  
    If by me broke, what fool is not so wise  
    To break an oath, to win a Paradise ?

---

*TRUE CONTENT.*

SO is it not with me, as with that muse,  
Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verse,  
Who heaven itself for ornament doth use,  
And every fair with his fair doth rehearse ;  
Making a compliment of proud compare  
With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems ;  
With April's first-borne flowers, and all things rare,  
That heaven's air in this huge rondure hems.  
O ! let me, true in love, but truly write,  
And then believe me, my love is as fair  
As any mother's child, tho' not so bright  
As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air.  
    Let them say more that like of hearsay well :  
    I will not praise, that purpose not to sell

---

---

A BASHFUL LOVER.—STRONG CONCEIT.

---

*A BASHFUL LOVER.*

AS an unperfect actor on the stage,  
Who with his fear is put beside his part ;  
Or some fierce thing, replete with too much rage,  
Whose strength abundant weakens his own heart :  
So I, for fear of trust, forgot to say  
The perfect ceremony of love's right,  
And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,  
O'er charg'd with burden of mine own love's might.  
O ! let my looks be then the eloquence,  
And dumb presagers of my speaking breast ;  
Who plead for love, and look for recompence,  
More than that tongue that more hath more exprest.  
O learn to read what silent love hath writ !  
To hear what eyes belong to love's fine wit.

---

*STRONG CONCEIT.*

MY glass shall not persuade me I am old,  
So long as youth and thou art of one date ;  
But when in thee time's sorrows I behold,  
Then look I death my days should expiate.  
For all that beauty that doth cover thee,  
Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,  
Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me ;  
How can I then be elder than thou art ?

---

*SWEET PROVOCATION.*

---

O, therefore, love ! be of thyself so weary,  
As I, not for myself, but for thee, will,  
Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary,  
As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.  
Presume not on thy heart, when mine is slain ;  
Thou gav'st me thine not to give back again.

---

*SWEET PROVOCATION.*

SWEET Cytherea, sitting by a brook,  
With young ADONIS, lovely, fresh and green,  
Did court the lad with many a lovely look,  
Such looks as none could look but beauty's queen.  
She told him stories to delight his ear ;  
She show'd him favours to allure his eye ;  
To win his heart, she touch'd him here and there ;  
Touches so soft, still conquer chastity.  
But whether unripe years did want conceit,  
Or he refus'd to take her figur'd proffer,  
The tender nibbler would not touch the bait  
But smile and jest at every gentle offer :  
Then fell she on her back, fair queen, and toward,  
He rose, and ran away. Ah, fool too froward !

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SHAKESPEARE'S POEMS.



*Sweet Provocation.*

*Vol. 2. p. 22.*





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A CONSTANT VOW.—THE EXCHANGE.

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*A CONSTANT VOW.*

IF love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?  
Oh! never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd;  
Tho' to myself forsworn, to thee I'll constant prove.  
Those thoughts to me like oaks, to thee like osiers bow'd  
Study his bias leaves, and make his book thine eyes,  
Where all those pleasures live, that art can comprehend.  
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice:  
Well learn'd is that tongue, that well can thee commend;  
All ignorant that soul, that sees thee without wonder,  
Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire:  
Thine eye Jove's lightning seems, thy voice his dreadful  
thunder,  
Which (not to anger bent) is music and sweet fire.  
Celestial as thou art, Oh, do not love that wrong!  
To sing heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue.

---

*THE EXCHANGE.*

A woman's face, with nature's own hand painted,  
Hast thou the master, mistress of my passion.  
A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted  
With shifting change, as is false women's fashion.  
An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling:  
Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth.  
A man in hue all hue in his controuling,  
Which steals men's eyes, and women's souls amazeth:

---

*A DISCONSOLATION.*

---

And for a woman wert thou first created,  
Till Nature, as she wrought thee, fell a doting,  
And by addition me of thee defeated ;  
By adding one thing, to my purpose nothing.  
But since she prick'd thee out for women's pleasure,  
Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their treasure.

---

*A DISCONSOLATION.*

WEARY with toil, I haste me to my bed,  
The dear repose for limbs with travel tired ;  
But then begins a journey in my head,  
To work my mind, when body's work's expired.  
For then my thoughts (far from where I abide)  
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,  
And keep my drooping eye-lids open wide,  
Looking on darkness, which the blind do see.  
Save that my soul's imaginary sight,  
Presents their shadow to my sightless view ;  
Which, like a jewel, (hung in ghastly night)  
Makes black night beauteous, and her old face new.  
Lo ! thus by day my limbs, by night my mind,  
For thee, and for myself no quiet find.

How can I then return in happy plight,  
That am debar'd the benefit of rest ;  
When day's oppression is not eas'd by night,  
But day by night, and night by day oppress ?

---

A DISCONSOLATION.

---

And each (tho' enemies to other's reign)  
Do in consent shake hands to torture me ;  
The one by toil, the other to complain,  
How far I toil, still farther off from thee.  
I tell the day, to please him, thou art bright,  
And dost him grace when clouds do blot the heaven :  
So flatter I the swart-complexion'd night,  
When sparkling stars tweer out, thou gild'st the even.  
But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,  
And night doth nightly make grief's length seem  
stronger.

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,  
I all alone beweepe my out-cast state,  
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,  
And look upon myself, and curse my fate :  
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,  
Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess ;  
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope  
With what I most enjoy contented least,  
Yet in these thoughts, myself almost despising,  
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,  
Like to the lark, at break of day arising  
From sullen earth, to sing at heaven's gate.  
For thy sweet love remember'd, such wealth brings,  
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

---

**CRUEL DECEIT.—THE UNCONSTANT LOVER.**

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**CRUEL DECEIT.**

SCARCE had the sun dry'd up the dewy morn,  
And scarce the herd gone to the edge for shade ;  
When CYTHEREA (all in love forlorn)  
A longing tarriance for ADONIS made  
Under an osier growing by a brook ;  
A brook, where ADON us'd to cool his spleen:  
Hot was the day, she hotter, that did look  
For his approach, that often here had been.  
Anon he comes, and throws his mantle by,  
And stood stark naked on the brook's green brim :  
The sun look'd on the world with glorious eye,  
Yet not so wistly, as this queen on him :  
    He spying her, bounc'd in (whereas he stood)  
    Oh, JOVE ! (quoth she) why was not I a flood ?

---

**THE UNCONSTANT LOVER.**

FAIR is my love, but not so fair as fickle ;  
Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty ;  
Brighter than glass, and yet as glass is brittle :  
Softer than wax, and yet as iron rusty .  
    A lily pale, with damask dye to grace her ;  
    None fairer, nor none falser to deface her.

Her lips to mine how often hath she joined,  
Between each kiss her oaths of true love swearing ?

---

*THE BENEFIT OF FRIENDSHIP.*

---

How many tales, to please me, hath she coined,  
Dreading my love, the loss thereof still fearing?  
Yet in the midst of all her pure protestings,  
Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all were jestings.

She burnt with love, as straw with fire flaming;  
She burnt out love, as soon as straw out burning;  
She fram'd the love, and yet she foil'd the framing  
She bade love last, and yet she fell a turning.  
Was this a lover, or a letcher, whether?  
Bad at the best, tho' excellent in neither.

---

*THE BENEFIT OF FRIENDSHIP.*

WHEN to the sessions of sweet silent thought,  
I summon up remembrance of things past,  
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,  
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste.  
Then can I drown an eye (unus'd to flow)  
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,  
And weep afresh love's long since cancell'd woe,  
And moan th' expence of many a vanish'd sight.  
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,  
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er  
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,  
Which I new pay, as if not paid before.  
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,  
All losses are restor'd, and sorrows end.

---

THE BENEFIT OF FRIENDSHIP.

---

Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts,  
Which I by lacking have supposed dead ;  
And their reigns love, and all love's loving parts,  
And all those friends, which I thought buried.  
How many a holy and obsequious tear  
Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine eye,  
As interest of the dead, which now appear  
But things remov'd, that hidden in thee lie !  
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,  
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone ;  
Who all their parts of me to thee did give,  
That due of many, now is thine alone.

    Their images I lov'd, I view in thee,  
    And thou (all they) hast all the all of me.

If thou survive my well contented day,  
When that churl, Death, my bones with dust shall cover ;  
And shalt, by fortune, once more re-survey  
These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover :  
Compare them with the bett'ring of the time,  
And tho' they be out-stript by every pen,  
Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,  
Exceeded by the height of happier men,  
Oh, then, vouchsafe me but this loving thought !  
Had my friend's muse grown with this growing age,  
A dearer birth than this, his love had bought,  
To march in ranks of better equipage :  
    But since he died, and poets better prove,  
    Theirs for there style I'll read, his for his love.

---

FRIENDLY CONCORD.—INHUMANITY.

---

## FRIENDLY CONCORD.

IF music and sweet poetry agree,  
As they must needs, (the sister and the brother)  
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,  
Because thou lov'st the one, and I the other.  
DOWLAND to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch  
Upon the lute, doth ravish human sense :  
SPENCER to me, whose deep conceit is such,  
As passing all conceit, needs no defence.  
Thou lov'st to hear the sweet melodious sound,  
That PHŒBUS' lute (the queen of music) makes ;  
And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd,  
When as himself to singing he betakes.  
One God is God of both, (as poets fain)  
One knight loves both, and both in thee remain.

---

INHUMANITY.

FAIR was the morn, when the fair queen of love.  
Paler for sorrow than her milk-white dove ;  
For ADON'S sake, a youngster proud and wild,  
Her stand she takes upon a steep-up hill :  
Anon ADONIS comes with horn and hounds,  
She, silly queen, with more than love's good-will,  
Forbad the boy he should not pass those grounds :



---

*A CONGRATULATION.*

---

Once (quoth she) did I see a fair sweet youth  
Here in these brakes, deep wounded with a boar,  
Deep in the thigh a spectacle of ruth ;  
See in my thigh (quoth she) here was the sore :  
    She shewed hers, he saw more wounds than one,  
    And blushing fled, and left her all alone.

---

*A CONGRATULATION.*

HOW can my muse want subject to invent,  
While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my verse  
Thine own sweet argument, too excellent  
For every vulgar paper to rehearse ?  
Oh ! give thyself the thanks, if aught in me,  
Worthy perusal, stand against thy sight ;  
For who's so dull, that cannot write to thee,  
When thou thyself dost give invention light ?  
Be thou the tenth muse, ten times more in worth,  
Than those old nine which rhimers invoke ;  
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth  
Eternal numbers to out-live long date.

    If my slight muse do please these curious days,  
    The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

Oh ! how thy worth with manners may I sing,  
When thou art all the better part of me ?  
What can mine own praise to mine own self bring ?  
And what is't but mine own when I praise thee !

---

---

A CONGRATULATION.

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---

Even for this, let us divided live,  
And our dear love lose name of single one ?  
That by this separation I may give  
That due to thee, which thou deserv'st alone,  
Oh ! absence what a torment would'st thou prove,  
Were't not that thy sour leisure gave sweet leave  
To entertain the time with thoughts of love,  
Who time and thoughts so sweetly dost deceive ;  
And that thou teachest how to make one twain,  
By praising him here, who doth hence remain.

Take all my loves my love, yea, take them all,  
What hast thou then more than thou hadst before ;  
Know love, my love, that thou may'st true love call,  
All mine was thine, before thou hadst this more.  
Then if for my love, thou my love receivest,  
I cannot blame thee, for my love thou usest ;  
But yet be blam'd, if thou thyself deceivest  
By wilful taste of what thyself refusest.  
I do forgive thy robb'ry, gentle thief,  
Altho' thou steal thee all my poverty :  
And yet love knows it is a greater grief  
To bear love's wrong, than hate's known injury.  
Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,  
Kill me with spite, yet we must not be foes.

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*THE GLORY OF BEAUTY.*

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*THE GLORY OF BEAUTY.*

AH, wherefore with infection should he live,  
And with his presence grace impiety,  
That sin by him advantage should achieve,  
And lace itself with his society ?  
Why should false painting imitate his cheek,  
And steal dead seeing of his living hue ?  
Why should poor beauty indirectly seek  
Roses of shadow, since his rose is true ?  
Why should he live, now nature bankrupt is,  
Beggar'd of blood, to blush thro' lively veins ;  
For she hath no exchequer now but his,  
And proud of many, lives upon his gains.  
O ! him she stores, to shew what wealth she had,  
In days long since, before these last so bad.

This is his cheek, the map of days, out-worn,  
When beauty liv'd and dy'd as flowers do now ;  
Before these bastard signs of fair were born,  
Or durst inhabit on a living brow :  
Before the golden tresses of the dead,  
The right of Sepulchre, were shorn away,  
To live a second life on second head.  
Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay,  
In him those holy antique hours are seen,  
Without all ornament itself and true,  
Making no summer of another's green,  
Robbing no old, to dress his beauty new ;

---

LOSS AND GAIN.

---

And him as for a map doth nature store.  
To show false heart what beauty was of yore.

Those parts of thee, that the world's eye doth view,  
Want nothing, that the thought of hearts can mend :  
All tongues (the voice of souls) give thee thy due,  
Uttering bare truth, even so as foes commend.  
Their outward thus with outward praise is crown'd,  
But those same tongues that give thee so thine own,  
In other accents do this praise confound,  
By seeing farther than the eye hath shown.  
They look into the beauty of thy mind,  
And that in guess they measure by thy deeds ;  
Then their churl thoughts (altho' their eyes were kind)  
To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds.  
But why ? thy odour matcheth not thy show,  
The toil is this, that thou dost common grow.

---

LOSS AND GAIN.

THOSE pretty wrongs that liberty commit,  
When I am sometimes absent from thy heart,  
Thy beauty and thy years full well befit,  
For still temptation follows where thou art.  
Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won ;  
Beauteous thou art, and therefore to be assailed,

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---

LOSS AND GAIN.

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---

And when a woman woos, what woman's son  
Will sourly leave her till he have prevailed ?  
Ah, me ! but yet thou might'st my seat forbear,  
And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,  
Who lead thee in their riot even there,  
Where thou art forc'd to break a twofold truth :  
    Hers by thy beauty tempting her to thee,  
    Thine by thy beauty being false to me.

That thou hast her, it is not all my grief,  
And yet it may be said I lov'd her dearly ;  
That she hath thee, is of my wailing chief,  
A loss in love that touches me more nearly.  
Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye,  
Thou dost love her, because thou know'st I love her ;  
And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,  
Suffering my friend, for my sake, to approve her.  
If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,  
And losing her, my friend hath found that loss :  
Both find each other, and I lose both twain.  
And both for my sake lay on me this cross.  
    But here's the joy, my friend and I are one,  
    Sweet flattery, then she loves but me alone.

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FOOLISH DISDAIN.—ANCIENT ANTIPATHY.

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*FOOLISH DISDAIN.*

VENUS with ADONIS sitting by her,  
Under a myrtle shade, began to woo him :  
She told the youngling how god MARS did try her,  
And as he fell to her, she fell to him.  
Even thus (quoth she) the warlike god embrac'd me,  
And then she clipt ADONIS in her arms :  
Even thus (quoth she) the warlike god unlac'd me,  
As if the boy should use like loving charms.  
Even thus (quoth she) he seized on my lips ;  
And with her lips on his did act the seizure :  
And as she fetched breath away he skips,  
And would not take her meaning nor her pleasure.  
Ah ! that I had my lady at this bay,  
To kiss and clip me till I run away.

---

*ANCIENT ANTIPATHY.*

CRABBED age and youth cannot live together ;  
Youth is full of pleassance, age is full of care ;  
Youth like summer morn, age like winter weather ;  
Youth like summer brave, age like winter bare.  
Youth is full of sport, age's breath is short ;  
• Youth is nimble, age is lame ;  
Youth is hot and bold, age is weak and cold ;  
Youth is wild, and age is tame.

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**BEAUTY'S VALUATION.—MELANCHOLY THOUGHTS.**

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Age I do abhor thee, youth I do adore thee ;  
O ! my love, my love is young :  
Age I do defy thee, O ! sweet shepherd hie thee ;  
For, methinks thou stay'st too long.

---

**BEAUTY'S VALUATION.**

BEAUTY is but a vain and doubtful good,  
A shining gloss, that fadeth suddenly ;  
A flower that dies, when first it 'gins to bud ;  
A brittle glass, that's broken presently.  
A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flow'r,  
Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour.

And as goods lost, are seld' or never found ;  
As faded gloss no rubbing will refresh ;  
As flowers dead, lie withered on the ground ;  
As broken glass, no cement can redress :  
So beauty blemish'd once, for ever's lost,  
In spite of physic, painting, pain and cost.

---

**MELANCHOLY THOUGHTS.**

IF the dull substance of my flesh were thought,  
Injurious distance should not stop my way ;  
For then, despite of space, I would be brought  
To limits far remote, where thou dost stay.

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MELANCHOLY THOUGHTS.

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No matter then altho' my foot did stand  
Upon the farthest earth remov'd from thee ;  
For nimble thought can jump both sea and land,  
As soon as think the place where he would be.  
But ah ! thought kills me, that I am not thought,  
To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone ;  
But that so much of earth and water wrought,  
I must attend time's leisure with my moan ;  
    Receiving nought by elements so slow,  
    But heavy tears, badges of either's woe.

The other two, slight air, and purging fire,  
Are both with thee, where-ever I abide ;  
The first my thought, the other my desire ;  
These present, absent, with swift motion slide.  
For when these quicker elements are gone,  
In tender embassy of love to thee,  
My life being made of four, with two alone  
Sinks down to death, opprest with melancholy  
Until life's composition be recured,  
By those swift messengers return'd from thee,  
Who even but know come back again assured  
Of their fair health, recounting it to me,  
    This told, I joy ; but then no longer glad,  
    I send them back again, and strait grow sad.



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LOVE'S LOSS.—LOVE'S RELIEF.

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*LOVE'S LOSS.*

SWEET rose, fair flower, untimely pluck'd, soon faded,  
Pluck'd in the bud, and faded in the spring :  
Bright orient pearl, alack, too timely shaded,  
Fair creature kill'd too soon by death's sharp sting ;  
    Like a green plumb, that hangs upon a tree,  
    And falls (thro' wind) before the fall should be.

I weep for thee, and yet no cause I have,  
For why ? Thou left'st me nothing in thy will ;  
And yet thou left'st me more than I did crave :  
For why ? I craved nothing of thee still :  
    O yes (dear friend) I pardon crave of thee,  
    Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.

---

*LOVE'S RELIEF.*

FULL many a glorious morning have I seen,  
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,  
Kissing with golden face the meadows green ;  
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchymy ;  
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride,  
With ugly rack on his celestial face,  
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,  
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace.

## LOVE'S RELIEF.

Even so my sun one early morn did shine,  
With all triumphant splendor on my brow ;  
But out, alack ! he was but one hour mine,  
The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.  
Yet him for this my love no wit disdaineth ;  
Suns of the world may stain, when heaven's sun stain-  
eth.

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day,  
And make me travel forth without my cloak, .  
To let base clouds o'ertake me in the way,  
Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke ?  
'Tis not enough that thro' the cloud thou break,  
To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face ;  
For no man well of such a salve can speak,  
That heals the wound, and cures not the disgrace :  
Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief,  
Tho' thou repent, yet I have still the cross ;  
Th' offender's sorrow lends but weak relief  
To him, that beareth strong offences cross .  
Ah ! but those tears are pearl which thy love sheds,  
And they are rich, and ransom all ill deeds.

No more be griev'd at that which thou hast done,  
Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud ;  
Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,  
And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud,

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UNANIMITY.

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All men make faults, and even I in this,  
Authorizing thy trespass with compare,  
Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,  
Excusing their sins more than their sins are ;  
For to my sensual fault I bring incense,  
Thy adverse party is thy advocate ;  
And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence,  
Such civil war is in my love and hate,  
That I an accessory needs must be  
To that sweet thief which sorely robs from me.

---

UNANIMITY.

LET me confess, that we two must be twain,  
Altho' our undivided loves are one :  
So shall those blots, that do with me remain  
Without thy help, by me be borne alone.  
In our two loves there is but one respect,  
Tho' in our lives a separable spite ;  
Which tho' it alter not love's soul effect,  
Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight.  
I may not ever more acknowledge thee,  
Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame,  
Nor thou with publick kindness honour me,  
Unless thou take that honour from thy name.  
But do not so, I love thee in such sort,  
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report

---

*LOTH TO DEPART.*

---

As a decrepit father takes delight  
To see his active child do deeds of youth ;  
So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,  
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth.  
For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,  
Or any of these all, or all, or more,  
Intituled in their part, do crowned sit,  
I make my love engrafted to this store :  
So then I am not lame, poor, nor despis'd,  
Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give,  
That I in thy abundance am suffic'd,  
And by a part of all thy glory live.  
Look what is best, that best I wish in thee ;  
This wish I have, then ten times happy me.

---

*LOTH TO DEPART*

GOOD night, good rest ; ah ! neither by my share :  
She bade good night, that kept my rest away ;  
And daft me to a cabbin hang'd with care,  
To descant on the doubts of my decay.  
Farewell (quoth she) and come again to-morrow ;  
Fare well I could not, for I supt with sorrow.

Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile,  
In scorn, or friendship, nill I construe whether :  
It may be she joy'd to jest at my exile ;  
It may be again to make me wander thither,

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---

LOTH TO DEPART.

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---

Wander (a word) for shadows like myself,  
And take the pain, but cannot pluck the pelf.

Lord! how mine eyes throw gazes to the east!  
My heart doth charge the watch; the morning rise  
Doth cite each moving sense from idle rest,  
Not daring trust the office of mine eyes.

While Philomela sits and sings, I sit and mark,  
And wish her lays were tuned like the lark.

For she doth welcome day-light with her ditty,  
And drives away dark dreaming night:  
The night so packt, I post unto my pretty;  
Heart hath his hope, and eyes their wished sight;  
Sorrow chang'd to solace, and solace mixt with sorrow;  
For why? she sigh'd, and bade me come to-morrow.

Were I with her, the night would post too soon,  
But now are minutes added to the hours:  
To spite me now, each minute seems an hour,  
Yet not for me, shine sun to succour flowers.

Pack night, peep day, good day of night now borrow,  
Short night, to-night, and length thyself to-morrow.

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*A MASTER-PIECE.—HAPPINESS IN CONTENT.*

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*A MASTER-PIECE.*

**MINE** eye hath played the painter, and hath steel'd  
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart :  
My body is the same whereir 'tis held,  
And perspective it is best painter's art.  
For thro' the painter must you see his skill,  
To find where your true image pictur'd lies,  
Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,  
That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes.  
Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done ;  
Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me  
Are windows to my breast, where thro' the sun  
Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee.  
Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art,  
They draw but what they see, know not the heart.

---

*HAPPINESS IN CONTENT*

**LET** those who are in favour with their stars,  
Of public honour and proud titles boast :  
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,  
Unlook'd-for joy in that I honour most.  
Great prince's favorites their fair leaves spread,  
But as the marigold at the sun's eye ;  
And in themselves their pride lies buried,  
For at a frown they in their glory die,

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*A DUTIFUL MESSAGE.*

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---

The painful warrior famoused for worth,  
After a thousand victories, once foil'd,  
Is from the book of honour razed quite,  
And all the rest forgot, for which he toil'd.  
Then happy I, that love and am beloved,  
Where I may not remove, nor be removed.

---

*A DUTIFUL MESSAGE.*

LORD of my love, to whom in vassalage  
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit ;  
To thee I send this written embassage,  
To witness duty, not to shew my wit.  
Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine  
May make seem bear, in wanting words to shew it ;  
But that I hope some good conceit of thine  
In my soul's thought (all naked) will bestow it.  
Till whatsoever star, that guides my moving,  
Points on me graciously with fair aspect,  
And puts apparel on my tatter'd loving,  
To show me worthy of their sweet respect.  
Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee :  
Till then, not show my head, where thou may'st prove  
me.

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*GO AND COME QUICKLY.*

---

*GO AND COME QUICKLY.*

HOW heavy do I journey on the way,  
When that I seek my weary travel's end,  
Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,  
Thus far the miles are measur'd from thy friend ;  
The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,  
Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me ;  
As if by some instinct the wretch did know  
His rider lov'd not speed being made from thee.  
The bloody spur cannot provoke him on,  
That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide ;  
Which heavily he answers with a groan,  
More sharp to me, than spurring to his side,  
For that same groan doth put this in my mind,  
My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

Thus can my love excuse the slow offence  
Of my dull bearer, when from thee I speed :  
From where thou art, why should I haste me thence ?  
Till I return, of posting is no need.  
O ! what excuse will my poor beast then find,  
When swift extremity can seem but slow ?  
Then should I spur tho' mounted on the wind ;  
In winged speed no motion shall I know.  
Then can no horse with my desire keep pace,  
Therefore desire of perfect love being made  
Shall neigh no dull flesh in his fiery race,  
But love for love thus shall excuse my jade.



---

*TWO FAITHFUL FRIENDS.*

---

Since from thee going, he went wilful slow,  
Towards thee I'll run, and give him leave to go.

---

*TWO FAITHFUL FRIENDS.*

MINE eye and heart are at a mortal war,  
How to divide the conquest of thy sight :  
My eye, my heart their pictures sight should bar,  
My heart, my eye the freedom of that right :  
My heart doth plead, that thou in him dost lie ;  
(A closet never pierc'd with crystal eyes)  
But the defendant doth that plea deny,  
And says, in him their fair appearance lies.  
To 'cide this title, is impannelled  
A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart ;  
And by their verdict is determined  
The clear eye's moiety, and the dear heart's part,  
As thus ; mine eyes due is their outward part,  
And my heart's right, their inward love of heart.

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,  
And each doth good turns now unto the other :  
When that mine eye is famish'd for a look,  
Or heart in love with sighs himself doth smother :  
With my love's picture then my eye doth feast,  
And to the painted banquet bids my heart.  
Another time mine eye is my heart's guest,  
And in his thoughts of love doth share a part.

---

*CARELESS NEGLECT.*

---

So either by the picture of my love,  
Thyself away, are present still with me ;  
For thou not farther than my thoughts canst move,  
And I am still with them and they with thee,  
Or if they sleep, thy picture in my sight  
Awakes my heart to heart's and eyes delight.

---

*CARELESS NEGLECT.*

HOW careful was I, when I took my way  
Each trifle under truest bars to thrust ;  
That to my use it might be unused stay  
From hands of falshood, in sure wards of trust ?  
But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,  
Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief :  
Thou best of dearest, and my only care,  
Are left the prey of every vulgar thief.  
Thee have I not lock'd up in any chest,  
Save where thou art not ; tho' I feel thou art  
Within the gentle closure of my breast,  
From whence at pleasure thou may'st come and part ;  
And even thence thou wilt be stoln, I fear ;  
For truth proves thievish for a prize so dear.

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STOUT RESOLUTION.—A DUEL.

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## STOUT RESOLUTION.

AGAINST that time (if ever that time come)  
When I shall see thee frown on my defects :  
When as thy love hath cast his utmost sum,  
Call'd to that and it by advis'd respects :  
Against that time, when thou shalt strangely pass,  
And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eye ;  
When love, converted from the thing it was,  
Shall reasons find of settled gravity :  
Against that time, do I insconce me here,  
Within the knowledge of mine own desert ;  
And this my hand against myself up-rear,  
To guard the lawful reasons on my part ;  
To leave poor me, thou hast the strength of laws,  
Since why to love, I can alledge no cause.

---

A DUEL.

IT was a lording's daughter,  
The fairest one of three,  
That liked of her master, as well as well might be :  
Till looking on an Englishman,  
The fairest eye could see,  
Her fancy fell a turning,

Long was the combat doubtful,  
That love with love did fight :

---

---

LOVE-SICK.

---

---

To leave the master loveless, or kill the gallant knight;  
To put in practice either,  
Alas ! it was a spite,  
Unto the silly damsel.

But one must be refused,  
More mickle was the pain?  
That nothing could be used, to turn them both to gain:  
For of the two the trusty knight  
Was wounded with disdain,  
Alas ! she could not help it.

Thus art with arms contending,  
Was victor of the day;  
Which by a gift of learning did bear the maid away,  
Then, lullably, the learned man  
Hath got the lady gay—  
For now my song is ended.

---

---

LOVE-SICK.

---

---

ON a day (alack the day)  
Love, whose month was ever May,  
Spy'd a blossom passing fair,  
Playing in the wanton air.

---

---

LOVE'S LABOUR LOST.

---

---

Thro' the velvet leaves the wind,  
All unseen, 'gain passage find,  
That the lover (sick to death)  
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.  
Air (quoth he) thy cheeks may blow ;  
Air ! would I might triumph so !  
But (alas !) my hand hath sworn  
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy throne ;  
Vow, (alack !) for youth unmeet,  
Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet ;  
Thou, for whom ev'n Jove would swear  
Juno but an ÆTHIOP were ;  
And deny himself for Jove,  
Turning mortal for thy love.

---

LOVE'S LABOUR LOST.

MY flocks feed not, my ewes breed not,  
My rams speed not ; all is amiss,  
Love is dying, faith's defying.  
Heart's denying, causer of this.

All my merry jigs are quite forgot,  
All my lady's love is lost (God wot)  
Where her faith was firmly fix'd in love,  
There a nay is plac'd, without remove.

---

LOVE'S LABOUR, LOST.

---

One silly cross wrought all my loss ;  
O ! frowning Fortune, cursed fickle dame !  
For now I see inconstancy  
More in women than in men remain.

In black mourn I, all fears scorn I,  
Love hath forlorn me living in thrall ;  
Heart is bleeding, all help needing ;  
O ! cruel speeding, fraughted with gall !  
My shepherd's pipe can sound no dell,  
My wether's bell rings doleful knell ;  
My curtail dog, that wont to have play'd,  
Plays not at all, but seems afraid.

With sighs so deep, procures to weep  
In howling wise to see my doleful plight ;  
How sighs resound thro' heartless ground,  
Like a thousand vanquish'd men in bloody fight.

Clear wells spring not, sweet birds sing not,  
Green plants bring not forth their dye ;  
Herds stand weeping, flocks all sleeping,  
Nymphs black peeping fearfully.  
All our pleasure known to us poor swains ;  
All our merry meetings on the plains ;  
All our evening sport from us is fled ;  
All our love is lost, for love is dead,

---

---

WHOLESOME COUNSEL.

---

---

Farewel, sweet love, thy like ne'er was,  
For a sweet content, of all my woe the cause ;  
Poor CORIDON must live alone,  
Other help for him, I see, that there is none.

---

WHOLESOME COUNSEL.

WHEN as thine eye hath chose the dame,  
And stall'd the deer that thou should'st strike ;  
Let reason rule things worthy blame,  
As well as fancy (partly all might)  
Take counsel of some wiser head,  
Neither too young, nor yet unwed.

And when thou com'st thy tale to tell,  
Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk ;  
Lest she some subtle practice smell :  
A cripple soon can find a halt.  
But plainly say, thou lov'st her well,  
And set a person forth to sale.

What tho' her frowning brows be bent,  
Her cloudy looks will calm ere night ;  
And then too late she will repent,  
That thus dissembling her delight :  
And twice desire, ere it be day,  
That which with scorn she put away.

---

WHOLEsome COUNSEL.

---

What though she strive to try her strength,  
And ban, and brawl, and say thee nay ;  
Her feeble force will yield at length,  
When craft hath taught her thus to say :  
    Had women been so strong as men,  
    In faith, you had not had it then.

And to her will frame all thy ways,  
Spare not to spend, and chiefly there,  
Where thy desert may merit praise,  
By ringing in thy lady's ear :  
    The strongest castle, tower, and town,  
    The golden bullet beats it down.

Serve always with assured trust,  
And in thy suit be humble, true ;  
Unless thy lady prove unjust,  
Please never thou to chuse a-new.  
    When time shall serve, be thou not slack  
    To proffer, tho' she put it back.

The wiles and guiles that women work,  
Dissembled with an outward shew  
The tricks and toys that in them lurk,  
The cock that treads them shall not know.  
    Have you not heard it said full oft,  
    A woman's nay doth stand for nought ?



---

*SAT FUISSE.*

---

Think women still to strive with men  
To sin, and never for to saint :  
There is no heaven (by holy then)  
When time with age shall them attaint,  
    Were kisses all the joys in bed,  
    One woman would another wed.

But soft, enough, too much I fear,  
Lest that my mistress hear my song,  
She will not stick to round me on th' ear,  
To teach my tongue to be so long.  
    Yet will she blush, here be it said  
    To hear her secrets so bewraid.

---

*SAT FUISSE.*

SIN of self-love possesseth all mine eye,  
And all my soul, and all my every part ;  
And for this sin there is no remedy,  
It is so grounded inward in my heart.  
Methinks no face so gracious is, as mine ;  
No shape so true, no truth of such account ;  
And for myself mine own worth do define,  
As I all other in all worths surmount.  
But when my glass shews me myself indeed,  
Beated and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity ;

---

*A LIVING MONUMENT, &c.*

---

Mine own self-love, quite contrary I read,  
Self, so self-loving, were iniquity :  
    'Tis thee (myself) that for myself I praise,  
    Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

---

*A LIVING MONUMENT.*

NOT marble, nor the gilded monuments  
Of princes, shall out-live this powerful rhyme ;  
But you shall shine more bright in these contents,  
Than unswept stone besmear'd with sluttish time.  
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,  
And broils root out the work of masonry ;  
Nor NAR's sword, nor war's quick fire shall burn  
The living record of your memory,  
'Gainst death, and all oblivious enmity,  
Shall you pace forth ; your praise shall still find room,  
Even in the eyes of all posterity,  
That wear this world out to the ending doom.  
    So till the judgment, that yourself arise,  
    You live in this, and dwell in lover's eyes,

---

*FAMILIARITY BREEDS CONTEMPT.*

SO am I as the rich, whose blessed key  
Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,  
The which he will not every hour survey.  
For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure,

---

*PATIENS ARMATUS.*

---

Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare ;  
Since seldom coming, in the long year set,  
Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,  
Or captain jewels in the carconet.  
So is the time that keeps you, as my chest,  
Or as the wardrobe, which the robe doth hide,  
To make some special instant special blest,  
By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.  
Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives scope,  
Being had to triumph, being lack'd to hope.

---

*PATIENS ARMATUS.*

IS it thy will, thy image should keep open  
My heavy eye-lids to the weary night ;  
Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,  
While shadows, like to thee, do mock my sight ?  
Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee,  
So far from home, into my deeds to pry ?  
To find out shames, and idle hours in me,  
The scope and tenure of thy jealousy ?  
O ! no, thy love, tho' much is not so great ;  
It is my love that keeps mine eye awake ;  
Mine own true love, that doth my rest defeat,  
To play the watchman ever for thy sake.  
For thee watch I, whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,  
From me far off, with others all too near.

---

---

*A VALEDICTION.*

---

*A VALEDICTION.*

NO longer mourn for me when I am dead ;  
When you shall hear the surly sullen bell  
Give warning to the world, that I am fled  
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell.  
Nay, if you read this line remember not  
The hand that writ it ; for I love you so,  
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,  
If thinking on me then, should make you woe.  
O ! if (I say) you look upon this verse,  
When (I perhaps) compounded am with clay ;  
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,  
But let your love even with my life decay :  
    Lest the wise world should look into your moan,  
    And mock you with me, after I am gone.

O ! lest the world should task you to recite  
What merit liv'd in me, that you should love ;  
After my death (dear love !) forget me quite,  
For you in me can nothing worthy prove :  
Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,  
To do more for me now, than mine own desert,  
And hang more praise upon deceased I,  
Than niggard truth would willingly impart.  
O ! lest your true love may seem false in this,  
That you for love speak well of me untrue ;  
My name be buried where my body is,  
And live no more to shame nor me, nor you ;

---

*NIL MAGNIS INVIDIA.*

---

For I'm asham'd by that which I bring forth ;  
And so should you, to love things nothing worth.

But be contented, when that fell arrest,  
Without all bail, shall carry me away ;  
My life hath in this line some interest,  
Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.  
When thou reviewest this, thou dost review  
The very part was consecrate to thee :  
The earth can have but earth, which is his due ;  
My sprite is thine, the better part of me.  
So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,  
The prey of worms, my body being dead ;  
The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,  
Too base, of thee to be remembered.  
The worth of that is that which it contains ;  
And that is this, and this with thee remains.

---

*NIL MAGNIS INVIDIA.*

THAT thou art blam'd, shall not be thy defect,  
For slander's mark was ever yet the fair :  
The ornament of beauty is suspect ;  
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.  
So thou be good, slander doth but approve  
Their worth be greater, being woo'd of time ;  
For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,  
And thou present'st a pure unstained prime.

---

*LOVE-SICK.*

---

Thou hast pass'd by the ambush of young days,  
Either not assail'd, or victor, being charg'd ;  
Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,  
To tie up envy evermore enlarg'd ;  
If some suspect of ill, mask not thy show,  
Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts should'st owe.

---

*LOVE-SICK.*

O how I faint, when I of you do write !  
Knowing a better spirit doth use your name :  
And in the praise thereof spends all his might,  
To make me tongue-ty'd, speaking of your fame.  
But since your worth (wide as the ocean is)  
The humble as the proudest sail doth bear ;  
My saucy bark (inferior far to his)  
On your broad main doth wilfully appear.  
Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat,  
Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth ride ;  
Or (being wreck'd) I am a worthless boat,  
He of tall building, and of goodly pride.  
Then if he thrive, and I be cast away,  
The worst was this, my love was my decay.

Or shall I live your epitaph to make ?  
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten ?  
From hence your memory death cannot take,  
Altho' in me each part will be forgotten.

---

---

*THE PICTURE OF TRUE LOVE.*

---

---

Your name from hence immortal life shall have,  
Tho' I (once gone) to all the world must die ;  
The earth can yield me but a common grave,  
When you intombed in men's eyes shall lie :  
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,  
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read ;  
And tongues to be, your being shall rehearse,  
When all the breathers of this world are dead ?  
    You still shall live (such virtue hath my pen)  
    Where breath most breathes, ev'n in the mouths of men.

---

*THE PICTURE OF TRUE LOVE.*

LET me not to the marriage of true minds  
Admit impediments ; love is not love,  
Which alters when it alteration finds,  
Or bends with the remover to remove.  
O no ! it is an ever-fixed mark,  
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken :  
It is the star to every wand'ring bark,  
Whose worth's unknown, altho' his height be taken.  
Love's not time's fool, tho' rosy lips and cheeks  
Within his bending sickle's compass come :  
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,  
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.  
    If this be error, and upon me prov'd ;  
    I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

---

---

---

*IN PRAISE OF HIS LOVE.*

---

*IN PRAISE OF HIS LOVE.*

I GRANT thou wert not marry'd to my muse,  
And therefore may'st without attain't o'er-look  
The dedicated words which writers use  
Of their fair subject, blessing every book :  
Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue ;  
Finding thy worth a limit past my praise ;  
And therefore art enforc'd to seek a-new  
Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days :  
And do so love, yet when they have devis'd  
What strained touches rhetoric can lend,  
Thou, truly fair, wert truly sympathiz'd,  
In true plain words, by thy true-telling friend.  
And their gross painting might be better us'd,  
Where cheeks need blood, in thee it is abus'd.

I never saw that you did painting need,  
And therefore to you fair no painting set :  
I found (or thought I found) you did exceed  
The barren tender of a poet's debt :  
And therefore have I slept in your report,  
That you yourself being extant, well might show,  
How far a modern quill doth come too short,  
Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow.  
This silence of my sin you did impute,  
Which shall be most my glory, being dumb ;  
For I impair not beauty, being mute;  
When others would give life, and bring a tomb.



---

IN PRAISE OF HIS LOVE.

---

There lives more life in one of your fair eyes,  
Than both your poets can in praise devise.

Who is it, that says most, which can say more  
Than this rich praise, that you alone are you?  
In whose confine immured is the store,  
Which should example where your equal grew.  
Lean penury within that pen doth dwell,  
That to his subject lends not some small glory:  
But he that writes of you, if he can tell  
That you are you, so dignifies his story.  
Let him but copy what in you is writ,  
Not making worse what nature made so clear;  
And such a counterpart shall fame his wit,  
Making him still admired every where.  
You to your beauteous blessing add a curse,  
Being fond of praise, which makes your praises worse.

My tongue ty'd muse in manners holds her still,  
While comments of your praise, richly compil'd,  
Reserve their character with golden quill,  
And precious phrase by all the muses fill'd.  
I think good thoughts, whilst others write good words,  
And, like unletter'd clerk, still cry *Amen*  
To every hymn that able spirit affords,  
In polish'd form of well refined pen.  
Hearing you praised, I say 'tis so, 'tis true,  
And to the most of praise add something more;

---

*A RESIGNATION.*

---

But that is in my thought, whose love to you  
(Tho' words come hindmost) holds his ranks before :  
Then others, for the breath of words, respect ;  
Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.

---

*A RESIGNATION.*

WAS it the proud full sail of his great verse,  
Bound for the prize of (all-too-precious) you,  
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain rehearse,  
Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew ?  
Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write  
Above a mortal pitch that struck me dead ?  
No, neither he, nor his compeers by night  
Giving him aid, my verse astonished.  
He nor that affable familiar ghost,  
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,  
As victors, of my silence cannot boast ;  
I was not sick of any fear from thence.  
But when your countenance fill'd up his line,  
Then lack'd I matter that enfeebled mine.

Farewel, thou art too dear for my possessing,  
And, like enough, thou know'st thy estimate :  
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing ;  
My bonds in thee are all determinate.

---

---

SYMPATHIZING LOVE.

---

---

For how do I hold thee, but by thy granting,  
And for that riches where is my deserving?  
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,  
And so my patent back again is swerving.  
Thyself thou gav'st thy own worth then not knowing,  
Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking.  
So thy great gift upon misprision growing,  
Comes home again, on better judgment making.  
Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,  
In sleep a king, but waking, no such matter.

---

---

SYMPATHIZING LOVE.

---

---

AS it fell upon a day,  
In the merry month of *May*,  
Sitting in a pleasant shade,  
With a grove of myrtles made,  
Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,  
Trees did grow and plants did spring:  
Every thing bid banish moan,  
Save the nightingale alone;  
She (poor bird!) as all forlorn,  
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn,  
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,  
That to hear it was great pity.

---

SYMPATHIZING LOVE.

---

Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry ;  
*Tereu, Tereu*, by and by ;  
That to hear her so complain,  
Scarce I could from tears refrain ;  
For her griefs so lovely shown,  
Made me think upon my own.  
Ah ! (thought I) thou mourn'st in vain.  
None takes pity on thy pain :  
Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee.  
Ruthless bears, they will not chear thee ?  
King *Pandion* he is dead ;  
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead ;  
All thy fellow-birds do sing,  
Careless of thy sorrowing :  
Whilst as fickle fortune smil'd,  
Thou and I were both beguil'd :  
Every one that flatters thee,  
Is no friend in misery.  
Words are easy, like the wind,  
Faithful friends are hard to find :  
Every man will be thy friend,  
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend :  
But if store of crowns be scant,  
No man will supply thy want.  
If that one be prodigal,  
Bountiful they will him call :  
And with such like flattering  
Pity but he was a king.

---

*A REQUEST TO HIS SCORNFUL LOVE.*

---

If he be addict to vice,  
Quickly him they will entice.  
If to women he be bent,  
They have him at commandment,  
But if fortune once do frown,  
Then farewell his great renown :  
They that fawn'd on him before,  
Use his company no more.  
He that is thy friend indeed,  
He will help thee in thy need :  
If thou sorrow, he will weep ;  
If thou 'wake, he cannot sleep.  
Thus of every grief in heart,  
He with thee doth bear a part.  
These are certain signs to know  
Faithful friend from flattering foe.

---

*A REQUEST TO HIS SCORNFUL LOVE.*

WHEN thou shalt be disposed to set me light,  
And place my merit in the eye of scorn,  
Upon thy side against thyself I'll fight,  
And prove thee virtuous, tho' thou art forsworn.  
With mine own weakness being best acquainted,  
Upon thy part I can set down a story  
Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attainted :  
That thou in losing me shalt win much glory :

---

A REQUEST TO HIS SCORNFUL LOVE.

---

And I by this will be a gainer too.  
For bending all my loving thoughts on thee ;  
The injuries that to myself I do,  
Doing thee 'vantage, double 'vantage me.  
Such is my love, to thee I so belong,  
That for thy right, myself will bear all wrong.

Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,  
And I will comment upon that offence :  
Speak of my lameness, and I strait will halt ;  
Against thy reasons making no defence.  
Thou canst not (love) disgrace me half so ill,  
To set a form upon desired change,  
As I'll myself disgrace ; knowing thy will,  
I will acquaintance strangle, and look strange ;  
Be absent from thy walks, and on my tongue  
Thy sweet beloved name no more shall dwell,  
Lest I (too much profane) should do it wrong,  
And haply of our old acquaintance tell.  
For thee, against myself I'll vow debate ;  
For I must ne'er love him, whom thou dost hate.

Then hate me when thou wilt ; if ever, now,  
Now while the world is bent my deeds to cross,  
Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,  
And do not drop in for an after loss :

---

---

A REQUEST TO HIS SCORNFUL LOVE.

---

---

Ah ! do not, when my heart hath 'scap'd this sorrow,  
Come in the rereward of a conquer'd woe !  
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,  
To linger out a purpos'd overthrow.  
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,  
When other petty griefs have done their spite ;  
But in the onset come, so shall I taste  
At first the very worst of fortune's might.  
And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,  
Compar'd with loss of thee, will not seem so.

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,  
Some in their wealth, some in their bodies force,  
Some in their garments, tho' new fangl'd ill ;  
Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse :  
And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,  
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest.  
But these particulars are not my measure,  
All these I better, in one general best.  
Thy love is better than high birth to me,  
Richer than wealth, prouder than garments cost ;  
Of more delight than hawks or horses be :  
And having thee, of all men's pride I boast.  
Wretched in this alone, that thou may'st take  
All this away, and me most wretched make.

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*A LOVER'S AFFECTION.*

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*A LOVER'S AFFECTION.*

THOUGH HIS LOVE PROVE INCONSTANT.

**BUT** do thy worst to steal thyself away,  
For term of life thou art assured mine ;  
And life no longer than my love will stay,  
For it depends upon that love of thine.  
Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,  
When in the least of them my life hath end ;  
I see a better state to me belongs,  
Than that which on my humour doth depend.  
Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind  
Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie ;  
Oh ! what a happy title do I find,  
Happy to have thy love, happy to die !  
    But what's so blessed, fair, that fears no blot ?  
    Thou may'st be false, and yet I know it not.

So shall I live, supposing thou art true,  
Like a deceived husband ; so love's face  
May still seem to love me, though alter'd new ;  
Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place.  
For there can live no hatred in thine eye,  
Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.  
In many's look the false heart's history  
Is writ in moods and frowns and wrinkles strange :



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A LOVER'S AFFECTION.

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---

But heaven in thy creation did decree,  
That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell ;  
Whate'er thy thoughts, or thy heart's working be,  
Thy looks shall nothing thence but sweetness tell.

How like *Eve's* apple doth thy beauty grow,  
If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show !

They that have power to hurt, and will do none,  
That do not do the thing they must do, show ;  
Who moving others, are themselves as stone  
Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow :  
They rightly do inherit Heaven's graces,  
And husband nature's riches from expence :  
They are the lords and owners of their faces,  
Others but stewarts of their excellence.  
The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,  
Tho' to itself it only live and die ;  
But if that flower with base infection meet,  
The basest weed out-braves his dignity :  
For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds,  
Lilies, that fester, smell far worse than weeds.

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame,  
Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,  
Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name ?  
Oh ! in what sweets dost thou thy sins inclose !

---

**COMPLAINT FOR HIS LOVER'S ABSENCE.**

---

That tongue that tells the story of thy days,  
(Making lascivious comments on thy sport)  
Cannot dispraise, but in a kind of praise ;  
Naming thy name, blesses an ill report.  
Oh ! what a mansion have those vices got,  
Which for their habitation chuse out thee :  
Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,  
And all things turn to fair that eyes can see !  
Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege,  
The hardest knife, ill us'd, doth lose his edge.

---

**COMPLAINT FOR HIS LOVER'S ABSENCE.**

HOW like a winter hath my absence been  
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year !  
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen ?  
What old *December's* barrenness every where !  
And yet this time remov'd was summer's time ;  
The teeming autumn big with rich increase,  
Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,  
Like widow'd wombs after their lord's decease.  
Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me,  
But hope of orphans and unfather'd fruit ;  
For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,  
And thou away, the very birds are mute :  
Or if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer,  
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

## COMPLAINT FOR HIS LOVER'S ABSENCE.

From you have I been absent in the spring,  
 When proud py'd *April* (drest in all his trim)  
 Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing,  
 That heavy *Saturn* laugh'd and leap'd with him.  
 Yet not the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell  
 Of different flowers in odour and in hue,  
 Cou'd make me any summer's story tell;  
 Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew.  
 Nor did I wonder at the lilies white,  
 Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose ;  
 They were but sweet, but figures of delight,  
 Drawn after you, you pattern of all those :  
     Yet seem'd it winter still, and you away,  
     As with your shadow I with these did play.

The forward violet thus did I chide ;  
 Sweet thief ! whence didst thou steal thy sweet that smells,  
 If not from my love's breath ? The purple pride,  
 Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells,  
 In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dy'd :  
 The lily I condemned for thy hand,  
 And buds of marjoram had stol'n thy hair ;  
 The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,  
 One blushing shame, another white despair ;  
 A third nor red, nor white, had stol'n of both,  
 And to his robb'ry has annex'd thy breath ;  
 But for his theft, in pride of all his growth,  
 A vengeful canker eat him u to death.

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AN INVOCATION TO HIS MUSE.

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More flowers I noted, yet I none could see,  
But sweet or colour it had stol'n from thee.

---

## AN INVOCATION TO HIS MUSE.

WHERE art thou, muse, that thou forget'st so long  
To speak of that which gives thee all thy might?  
Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless song,  
Dark'ning thy power to lend base subjects light?  
Return, forgetful muse, and strait redeem,  
In gentle numbers, time so idly spent;  
Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem,  
And give thy pen both skill and argument.  
Rise, resty muse, my love's sweet face survey,  
If time hath any wrinkle graven there;  
If any, be a *satire* to decay,  
And make time's spoils despised every where.  
Give my love fame, faster than time wastes life,  
So thou prevent'st his scythe, and crooked knife.

Oh! truant muse! what shall be thy amends,  
For thy neglect of truth in beauty dy'd?  
But truth and beauty on my love depends:  
So dost thou too, and therein dignify'd.  
Make answer, muse, wilt thou not haply say,  
Truth needs no colour with his colour fix'd;  
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay;  
But best is best, if never intermix'd.

---

CONSTANT AFFECTION.

---

Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?  
Excuse no silence so, for't lies in thee  
To make her much out-live a golden tomb,  
And to be prais'd of ages yet to be.  
Then do thy office, muse, I teach thee how  
To make her seem long hence, as she shows now.

---

## CONSTANT AFFECTION.

TO me, fair love, you never can be old;  
For as you were when first your eye I ey'd,  
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold  
Have from the forest shook three summers pride;  
Three beauteous springs, to yellow *Autumn* turn'd,  
In process of the seasons, have I seen;  
Three *April* perfumes in three hot *Junos* burn'd,  
Since first I saw you, fresh, which yet are green.  
Ah! yet doth beauty like a dial-hand,  
Steal from his figure, and no place perceiv'd;  
So your sweet hue, which, methinks, still does stand,  
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceiv'd.  
For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred,  
Ere you were born, was beauty's summer dead.

Let not my love be call'd idolatry,  
Nor my beloved as an idle show;  
Since all alike my songs and praises be  
To one, of one, still such, and ever so:

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---

CONSTANT AFFECTION.

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---

Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,  
Still constant in a wond'rous excellence ;  
Therefore my verse to constancy confin'd,  
One thing expressing, leaves out difference.  
Fair, kind, and true varying to other words ;  
And in this change is my invention spent ;  
Three themes in one, which wond'rous scope affords  
    Fair, kind, and true, have often liv'd alone :  
    Which three, till now, have never sat in one.

When in the chronicle of wasted time,  
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,  
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme,  
In praise of ladies dead, and lovely knights ;  
Then in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,  
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,  
I see their antic pen would have express'd  
E'en such a beauty as you master now.  
So all their praises are but prophecies  
Of this our time, all you prefiguring ;  
And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,  
They had not still enough your worth to sing :  
    For we who now behold these present days,  
    Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

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AMAZEMENT.

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## AMAZEMENT.

MY love is strengthen'd tho' more weak in seeming :  
I love not less, tho' less the show appear ;  
That love is merchandiz'd, whose rich esteeming  
The owner's tongue doth publish every where.  
Our love was new, and then but in the spring,  
When I was wont to greet it in my lays ;  
As *Philomel* in summer's front doth sing,  
And stops his pipe in growth of riper days.  
Not that the summer is less pleasant now.  
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night ;  
But that wild music burdens every bough,  
And sweets grown common, lose their dear delight ;  
Therefore like her I sometime hold my tongue,  
Because I would not dull you with my song.

Alack ! what poverty my muse brings forth !  
That having such a scope to shew her pride,  
The argument all bare, is of more worth,  
Than when it hath my added praise beside.  
Oh ! blame me not, if I no more can write !  
Look in your glass, and there appears a face,  
That overgrows my blunt invention quite,  
Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace.  
Were it not sinful then, striving to mend,  
To mar the subject that before was well ?

---

*A LOVER'S EXCUSE FOR HIS LONG ABSENCE.*

---

For to no other pass my verses tend,  
Than of your graces, and your gifts to tell ;  
And more, much more, than in my verse can sit,  
Your own glass shows you, when you look in it.

---

*A LOVER'S EXCUSE FOR HIS LONG ABSENCE.*

OH ! never say that I was false of heart,  
Tho' absence seem'd my flame to qualify ;  
As easy might I from myself depart,  
As from my soul which in my breast doth lie  
That is my home of love ; if I have rang'd,  
Like him that travels, I return again  
Just to the time, not with the time exchang'd ;  
So that myself bring water for my stain.  
Never believe, tho' in my nature reign'd  
All frailties, that besiege all kind of blood,  
That it could so preposterously be stain'd,  
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good :  
For nothing this wide universe I call,  
Save thou, my rose, in it thou art my all.

Alas ! 'tis true, I have gone here and there ;  
And made myself a motly to thy view ;  
Gor'd mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,  
Made old offences of affections new.



---

*A COMPLAINT.*

---

Most true it is, that I have look'd on truth  
Askance and strangely: but by all above,  
These blenches gave my heart another youth,  
And worst assays prov'd thee my best of love.  
Now all is done, have what shall have no end,  
Mine appetite I never more will grind  
On newer proof, to try an older friend,  
A god in love, to whom I am confin'd.  
Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,  
Even to thy pure and most loving breast.

---

*A COMPLAINT.*

OH! for my sake do you with fortune chide  
The guilty goddess of my harmless deeds,  
That did not better for my life provide,  
Than public means which public manners breeds.  
Thence comes it, that my name receives a brand,  
And almost thence my nature is subdu'd  
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand.  
Pity me then, and wish I were renew'd:  
Whilst like a willing patient I will drink  
Potions of eysel 'gainst my strong infection,  
No bitterness, that I will bitter think,  
Nor double penance to correct correction.  
Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure ye,  
E'en that your pity is enough to cure me.

---

**SELF-FLATTERY OF HER BEAUTY.**

---

Your love and pity doth th' impression fill,  
Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow ;  
For what care I who calls me well or ill,  
So you o'er-skreen my bad, my good allow.  
You are my all, the world and I must strive  
To know my shame and praises from your tongue ;  
None else to me, nor I to none alive,  
That my steel'd sense or changes right or wrong.  
In so profound abysm I throw all care  
Of other voices, that my adder's sense  
To critic and to flatterer stopped are :  
Mark how with my neglect I do dispense.

You are so strongly in my purpose bred,  
That all the world besides me thinks I'm dead.

---

**SELF-FLATTERY OF HER BEAUTY.**

SINCE I left you mine eye is in my mind,  
And that which governs me to go about,  
Doth part his function, and is partly blind ;  
Seems seeing, but effectually is out.  
For it no form delivers to the heart  
Of birds, or flowers, or shape, which it doth lack ;  
Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,  
Nor his own vision holds what he doth catch ?

---

---

SELF-FLATTERY OF HER BEAUTY.

---

---

For if it see the rud'st or gentlest sight,  
The most sweet favour or deformedst creature,  
The mountain or the sea, the day or night,  
To crow or dove, it shapes them to your feature ;  
    Incapable of more, replete with you,  
    My most true mind thus maketh mine untrue.

Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd with you,  
Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery ?  
Or whether shall I say mine eye saith true,  
And that your love taught it this alchymy !  
To make of monsters, and things indigest,  
Such cherubims as your sweet self resemble ;  
Creating every bad a perfect best,  
As fast as objects to his beams assemble.  
Oh ! 'tis the first, 'tis flatt'ry in my seeing,  
And my great mind most kindly drinks it up ;  
Mine eye well knows what with his gust is 'greeing,  
And to his palate doth prepare the cup.  
    If it be poison'd, 'tis the lesser sin,  
    That mine eye loves it, and doth first begin.

Those lines, that I before have writ, do lye,  
E'en those that said I could not love you dearer :  
Yet then my judgment knew no reason why,  
My most full flame should afterwards burn clearer.  
But reck'ning time, whose million accidents  
Creep in 'twixt vows, and change decrees of kings,

---

*A TRIAL OF LOVE'S CONSTANCY.*

---

Can sacred beauty blunt the sharp'st intents,  
Divert strong minds to th' course of alt'ring things?  
Alas ! why fearing of time's tyranny,  
Might I not then say, now I love you best,  
When I was certain o'er incertainty,  
Crowding the present, doubting of the rest ?  
Love is a babe, then might I not say so,  
To give full growth to that which still doth grow ?

---

*A TRIAL OF LOVE'S CONSTANCY.*

**ACCUSE** me thus, that I have scanted all,  
Wherein I should your great deserts repay,  
Forgot upon your dearest love to call,  
Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day ;  
That I have frequent been with unknown minds,  
And given to time your own dear purchas'd right ;  
That I have hoisted sails to all the winds,  
Which should transport me farthest from your sight.  
Book both my wilfulness and error down,  
And on just proof surmise, accumulate ;  
Bring me within the level of your frown,  
But shoot not at me in your wakened hate :  
Since my appeal says, I did strive to prove  
The constancy and virtue of your love.

Like as you make your appetites more keen,  
With eager compounds we our palate urge ;

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---

A TRIAL OF LOVE'S CONSTANCY.

---

---

As to prevent our maladies unseen,  
We sicken, to shun sickness, when we purge :  
Even so being full of your near cloying sweetness,  
To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding ;  
And sick of welfare, found a kind of meekness,  
To be diseas'd ere that there was true needing,  
Thus policy in love, t' anticipate  
The ills that were not, grew to faults assured,  
And brought to medicine a hateful state,  
Which rank of goodness would by ill be cured :  
But thence I learn, and the fond lesson true,  
Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.

What potions have I drank of Siren's tears,  
Distill'd from limbeck, foul as hell within ?  
Applying fears to hopes, and hopes to fears,  
Still losing when I saw myself to win.  
What wretched errors hath my heart committed,  
Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never ?  
How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted,  
In the distraction of this madding fever ?  
Oh ! benefit of ill ! now I find true,  
That better is by evil still made better ;  
And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,  
Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.  
So I return rebuke to my content,  
And gain by ill thrice more than I have spent.

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 HIS LOVE'S UNKINDNESS.—ERROR IN OPINION.
 

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## A GOOD CONSTRUCTION

## OF HIS LOVE'S UNKINDNESS.

THAT you were once unkind befriends me now ;  
 And for that sorrow, which I then did feel,  
 Needs must I under my transgression bow,  
 Unless my nerves were brass or hammer'd steel.  
 For if you were by my unkindness shaken,  
 As I by yours, you've pass'd a hell of time ;  
 And I a tyrant have no leisure taken,  
 To weigh how once I suffer'd in your crime.  
 Oh ! that our night of woe might have remember'd  
 My deepest sense, how hard true sorrow hits.  
 And soon to you, as you to me then tender'd  
 The humble salve, which wounded bosoms fits !  
 But that your trespass now becomes a fee,  
 Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransom me.

---

 ERROR IN OPINION.

'TIS better to be vile than vile esteem'd,  
 When not to be, receives reproach of being ;  
 And the just pleasure lost, which is so deem'd,  
 Not by our feeling, but by others seeing,  
 For why should others false adulterate eyes  
 Give salutation to my sportive blood ?

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UPON THE RECEIPT OF A TABLE-BOOK, &c.

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Or on my frailties, who are frailer spies ;  
Which in their wills count bad what I think good ?  
No, I am that I am, and they that level  
At my abuses, reckon up their own ;  
I may be straight, though they themselves be bevel ;  
By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shown ;  
Unless this general evil they maintain,  
All men are bad, and in their badness reign.

---

UPON THE RECEIPT OF  
*A TABLE-BOOK FROM HIS MISTRESS.*

THY gift, thy tables, are within my brain,  
Full character'd with a lasting memory.  
Which shall above that idle rant remain  
Beyond all date, even to eternity ;  
Or at the least, so long as brain and heart  
Have faculty by nature to subsist ;  
Till each to raz'd oblivion yield his part  
Of thee, thy record never can be mist.  
That poor attention could not so much hold,  
Nor need I tallies thy dear love to score ;  
Therefore to give them from me, was I bold  
To trust those tables that receive thee more :  
To keep an adjunct to remember thee,  
Were to impart forgetfulness in me.

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*A VOW.—LOVE'S SAFETY.*

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*A VOW.*

NO, Time ' thou shalt not boast that I do change,  
Thy pyramids built up with newer might,  
To me are nothing novel, nothing strange;  
They are but dressings of a former sight.  
Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire  
What thou dost foist upon us that is old;  
And rather make them born to our desire,  
Than think that we before have heard them told.  
Thy registers and thee I both defy,  
Not wond'ring at the present nor the past;  
For thy records, and what we see doth lye,  
Made more or less by thy continual haste.  
This I do vow, and this shall ever be;  
I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee.

---

*LOVE'S SAFETY.*

IF my dear love were but the child of state,  
It might for fortune's bastard be un-feather'd;  
As subject to time's love or to time's hate,  
Weeds among weeds, or flow'rs with flowers gather'd.  
No, it was builded far from accident,  
It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls  
Under the blow of thrall'd discontent,  
Whereto t' inviting time our fashion calls:



---

 AN ENTREATY FOR HER ACCEPTANCE.
 

---

It fears not policy, that heretic,  
 Which works on leases of short number'd hours,  
 But all alone stands hugely politic,  
 That it nor grows with heat, nor drowns with show'rs.  
 To this I witness call the fools of time;  
 Which die for goodness, who have liv'd for crime.

---

## AN ENTREATY FOR HER ACCEPTANCE.

WHERE it ought to be, I bore the canopy,  
 With my extern the outward honouring;  
 Or laid great bases for eternity,  
 Which prove more short than waste or running.  
 Have I not seen dwellers on form and favour,  
 Lose all, and more, by paying too much rent,  
 For compound sweet, foregoing simple favour?  
 Pitiful thrivers in their gazing spent!  
 No, let me be obsequious in thy heart,  
 And take thou my oblation poor but free,  
 Which is not mix'd with seconds, knows no art,  
 But mutual render, only me for thee.  
 Hence thou suborn'd informer! a true soul,  
 When most impeach'd, stands least in thy control.

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*UPON HER PLAYING ON THE VIRGINALS, &c.*

---

*UPON HER PLAYING ON THE VIRGINALS.*

HOW oft when thou thy music, music-play'st,  
Upon that blessed wood, whose motion sounds  
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st  
The witty concord that mine ear confounds;  
Do I envy those jacks that nimbly leap,  
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,  
Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,  
At the wood's boldness, by thee blushing stand.  
To be so tickled they would change their state  
And situation with those dancing chips,  
O'er whom their fingers walk with gentle gait.  
Making dead wood more blest than living lips.  
Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,  
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

---

*IMMODERATE LUST.*

TH' expense of spirit in a waste of shame,  
Is lust in action; and till action, lust  
Is perjur'd, murd'rous, bloody, full of blame,  
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;  
Enjoy'd no sooner, but despised straight,  
Past reason hunted, and no sooner had,  
Past reason hated as a swallow'd bait,  
On purpose laid to make the taker mad.

---

*IN PRAISE OF HER BEAUTY, THOUGH BLACK.*

---

Made in pursuit and in possession so,  
Had, having, and in quest, to have extreme,  
A bliss in proof, and proud, and very woe;  
Before, a joy propos'd; behind, a dream.

All this the world well knows, yet none knows well  
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

---

*IN PRAISE OF HER BEAUTY, THOUGH BLACK.*

IN the old age black was not counted fair,  
Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name :  
But now is black beauty's successive heir,  
And beauty slander'd with a bastard shame :  
For since each hand hath put on nature's power,  
Fairing the foul with art's false borrow'd face,  
Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy bower,  
But is profan'd ; if not, lives in disgrace.  
Therefore my mistress' eyes are raven black,  
Her eyes so suited, and they mourners seem,  
At such who not born fair, no beauty lack,  
Slandering creation with a false esteem :

Yet so they mourn, becoming of their woe,  
That every tongue says beauty should look so.

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun,  
Coral is far more red than her lips red ;  
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun ;  
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.

---

IN PRAISE OF HER BEAUTY, THOUGH BLACK.

---

I have seen roses, damask, red, and white ;  
But no such roses see I in her cheeks ;  
And in some perfumes there is more delight,  
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.  
I love to hear her speak, yet well I know,  
That music hath a far more pleasing sound :  
I grant I never saw a goddess go ;  
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground :  
And yet, by heaven, I think my love is rare  
As any she, bely'd with false compare.

Thou art tyrannous, so thou art,  
As those whose beauties proudly make them cruel :  
For well thou know'st to my dear doating heart  
Thou art the fairest, and most precious jewel.  
Yet in good faith some say that thee behold,  
Thy face hath not the power to make love groan ;  
To say they err, I dare not be so bold,  
Although I swear it to myself alone ;  
And to be sure that is not false I swear ;  
A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face,  
On one another's neck do witness bear :  
Thy black is fairer in my judgment's place.  
In nothing art thou black, save in thy deeds,  
And thence this slander, as I think, proceeds.

Thine eyes I love, and they as pitying me,  
Knowing thy heart torments me with disdain,

---

*UNKIND ABUSE.*

---

Have put on black, and loving mourners be,  
Looking with pretty rath upon my pain.  
And truly not the morning-sun of heaven  
Better becomes the grey cheeks of the east;  
Nor that full star that ushers in the even,  
Doth half that glory to the sober west,  
As those two mourning eyes become thy face:  
Oh! let it then as well besem thy heart  
To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace,  
And suit thy pity like in every part.  
Then will I swear beauty herself is black,  
And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

---

*UNKIND ABUSE.*

BESHREW that heart that makes my heart to groan,  
For that deep wound it gives my friend and me;  
Is't not enough to torture me alone,  
But slave to slavery my sweetest friend must be?  
Me from myself thy cruel-eye hath taken,  
And my next self thou harder hast engross'd;  
Of him, myself, and thee I am forsaken,  
A torment thrice three-fold thus to be cross'd.  
Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,  
But then my friend's heart let my poor heart bail;  
Whoe'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard,  
Thou canst not then use rigour in my jail.

---

**LOVE-SUIT.**

---

And yet thou wilt, for I being pent in thee,  
Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

So now I have confest that he is thine,  
And I myself am mortgag'd to thy will;  
Myself I'll forfeit, so that other mine  
Thou wilt restore to me, my comfort still.  
But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,  
For thou art covetous, and he is kind;  
He learn'd but surety-like to write for me,  
Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.  
The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take,  
Thou usurer, that put'st forth all to use;  
And sue a friend, came debtor for thy sake,  
So him I lose through my unkind abuse.  
Him have I lost, thou hast both him and me,  
He pays the whole, and yet I am not free.

---

**LOVE-SUIT.**

WHOEVER hath her wish, thou hast thy WILL,  
And WILL to boot, and WILL in overplus;  
More than enough am I that vex thee still,  
To thy sweet will making addition thus.  
Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,  
Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine?  
Shall will in others seem right gracious,  
And in my will no fair acceptance shine?

---

---

*HIS HEART WOUNDED BY HER EYE.*

---

---

The sea all water, yet receives rain still,  
And in abundance addeth to his store ;  
So thou being rich in WILL, add to thy WILL  
One will of mine, to make thy large WILL more.  
Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill,  
Think all but one, and me in that one WILL.

If thy soul check thee that I come so near,  
Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy WILL ;  
And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there ;  
Thus far for love, my love-suit sweet fulfil.  
WILL will fulfil the treasure of thy love,  
I fill it full with wills, and my will one :  
In things of great receipt with ease we prove,  
Among a number one is reckon'd none.  
Then in a number let me pass untold,  
Though in thy store's account I one must be :  
For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold  
That nothing me, a something sweet to thee.  
Make but my name thy love, and love that still,  
And then thou lov'st me, for my name is WILL.

---

*HIS HEART WOUNDED BY HER EYE.*

THOU blind fool, Love, what dost thou to mine eyes,  
That they behold, and see not what they see ?  
They know what beauty is, see where it lies ;  
Yet what the best is, take the worst to be.

---

HIS HEART WOUNDED BY HER EYE.

---

If eyes corrupt by over-partial looks,  
Be anchor'd in the bay where all men ride ;  
Why of eyes falshood hast thou forged hooks,  
Whereto the judgment of my heart is ty'd ?  
Why should my heart think that a several plot,  
Which my heart knows the wide world's common place ?  
Or mine eyes seeing this, say this is not  
To put fair truth upon so foul a face ;  
    In things right true my heart and eyes have err'd,  
    And to this false plague are they now transfer'd.

O ! call me not to justify the wrong,  
That thy unkindness lays upon my heart ;  
Wound me not with thine eye, but with thy tongue ;  
Use power with power, and slay me not by art : .  
Tell me thou lov'st elsewhere ; but in my sight,  
Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside !  
What need'st thou wound with cunning, when thy might  
Is more than my o'er-prest defence can bide !  
Let me excuse thee ; ah ! my love well knows,  
Her pretty looks have been my enemies,  
And therefore from my face she turns my foes,  
That they elsewhere might dart their injuries.  
    Yet do not so, but since I am near slain,  
    Kill me out-right with looks, and rid my pain.

Be wise as thou art cruel, do not press  
My tongue-ty'd patience with too much disdain :



---

*A PROTESTATION.*

---

Lest sorrow lend me words, and words express  
The manner of my pity-wanting pain.  
If I might teach thee wit, better it were,  
Tho' not to love, yet love to tell me so :  
As testy sick men, when their deaths be near,  
No news but health from their physicians know,  
For if I should despair, I should grow mad,  
And in my madness might speak ill of thee ;  
Now this ill-wrestling world is grown so bad,  
Mad slanderers by mad ears believed be.  
That I may not be so, nor thou bely'd,  
Bear thine eyes strait tho' thy proud heart go wide.

---

*A PROTESTATION.*

IN faith I do not love thee with mine eyes,  
For they in thee a thousand errors note ;  
But 'tis my heart that loves what they despise,  
Who in despite of view is pleas'd to doat.  
Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune delighted,  
Nor tender feeling to base touches prone,  
Nor taste, nor smell desire to be invited  
To any sensual feast with thee alone :  
But my five wits, nor my five senses can  
Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee ;  
Who leaves unsway'd the likeness of a man,  
Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to be :

---

*AN ALLUSION.*

---

Only my plague thus far I count my gain,  
That she that makes me sin, rewards my pain.

Love is my sin, and my dear virtue, hate ;  
Hate of sin, ground on a sinful loving :  
O ! but, with mine, compare thou thine own state,  
And thou shalt find it merits not reproving :  
Or if it do, not from those lips of thine,  
That have profan'd their scarlet ornaments,  
And seal'd false bonds of love as oft as mine,  
Robb'd others beds' revenues of their rents.  
Be it lawful, I love thee, as thou lov'st those,  
Whom thine eyes woo, as mine importune thee ;  
Root pity in thy heart, that when it grows,  
Thy pity may deserve to pity be,  
If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,  
By self-example may'st thou be deny'd !

---

*AN ALLUSION.*

LO ! as a careful housewife runs to catch  
One of her feather'd creatures broke away ;  
Sets down her babe, and makes all swift dispatch,  
In pursuit of the thing she would have stay :  
Whilst her neglected child holds her in chase,  
Cries to catch her, whose busy care is bent  
To follow that which flies before her face ;  
Not prizing her poor infant's discontent.

---

*LIFE AND DEATH.*

---

So run'st thou after that which flies from thee,  
Whilst I thy babe chase thee afar behind ;  
But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,  
And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind.

So will I pray, that thou may'st have thy *Will*,  
If thou turn back, and my loud crying still.

---

*LIFE AND DEATH.*

Those lips that love's own hand did make,  
Breath'd forth the sound that said, I hate,  
To me that languish'd for her sake :  
But when she saw my woful state,  
Strait in her heart did mercy come ;  
Chiding that tongue, that, ever sweet,  
Was us'd in giving gentle doom,  
And taught it thus a-new to greet :  
*I hate*, she alter'd with an end  
That follow'd it, as gentle day  
Doth follow night, who like a fiend  
From heaven to hell is flown away.

*I hate*, from hate away she threw,  
And sav'd my life, saying *not you*.

---

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---

*A CONSIDERATION OF DEATH—IMMODERATE PASSION.*

---

---

*A CONSIDERATION OF DEATH.*

POOR soul! the center of my sinful earth,  
My sinful earth, these rebel powers that thee array,  
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,  
Painting thy outward walls in costly clay?  
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,  
Dost thou upon thy faded mansion spend?  
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,  
Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?  
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,  
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;  
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;  
Within be fed, without be rich no more.

So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men,  
And death once dead, there's no more dying then.

---

*IMMODERATE PASSION.*

MY love is as a fever, longing still  
For that which longer nurseth the disease;  
Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,  
Th' uncertain sickly appetite to please.  
My reason, the physician to my love,  
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,  
Hath left me, and I desperate now approve;  
Desire is death, why physic did accept.

---

 LOVE'S POWERFUL SUBTLETY.
 

---

Past cure I am, now reason is past cure ;  
 And frantic mad with evermore unrest,  
 My thoughts and my discourse as madmen's are,  
 At random from the truth vainly express'd.  
 For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright,  
 Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

---

 LOVE'S POWERFUL SUBTLETY.

O ME ! what eyes hath love put in my head,  
 Which have no correspondence with true sight !  
 Or if they have, where is my judgment fled,  
 That censures falsely what they see aright ?  
 If that be fair whereon my false eyes doat,  
 What means the world to say it is not so !  
 If it be not, then love doth well denote  
 Love's eye is not so true as all men's. No.  
 How can it ? O how can love's eye be true,  
 That is so vex'd with watching and with tears ?  
 No marvel then, tho' I mistake my view ;  
 The sun itself sees not, till Heaven clears.  
 O ! Cunning love ! with tears thou keep'st me blind,  
 Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

Can'st thou, O cruel ! say I love thee not ?  
 When I against myself with thee partake ?  
 Do I not think on thee, when I forget  
 All of myself, all tyrant for thy sake ?

---

---

LOVE'S POWERFUL SUBTLETY.

---

---

Who hatest thou, that I do call my friend ?  
On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon ?  
Nay, if thou low'rst on me, do I not spend  
Revenge upon myself with present moan ?  
What merit do I in myself respect,  
That is so proud thy service to despise ;  
When all my best doth worship thy defect,  
Commanded by the motion of thine eyes !  
But love, hate on ; for now I know thy mind,  
Those that can see, thou lov'st, and I am blind.

Oh ! from what power hast thou this powerful might,  
With insufficiency my heart to sway ;  
To make me give the lie to my true sight,  
And swear that brightness doth not grace the day ?  
Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,  
That in the very refuse of thy deeds,  
There is such strength and warrantise of skill,  
That in my mind thy worst all best exceeds ?  
Who taught thee how to make me love thee more,  
The more I hear and see just cause of hate ?  
Oh ! tho' I love what others do abhor,  
With others thou should'st not abhor my state.  
If thy unworthiness rais'd love in me,  
More worthy I to be belov'd of thee.

## RETALIATION.

## RETALIATION.

SO oft have I invok'd thee for my muse,  
And found such fair assistance in my verse,  
As every alien pen hath got my use,  
And under thee their poesy disperse.  
Thine eyes that taught the dumb on high to sing,  
And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,  
Have added feathers to the learned's wing,  
And given grace a double majesty :  
Yet be most proud of that, which I compile,  
Whose influence is thine, and born of thee ;  
In other's works thou dost but mend the stile,  
And arts with thy sweet graces graced be :  
But thou art all my art, and dost advance,  
As high as learning, my rude ignorance.

Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid,  
My verse alone had all thy gentle grace ;  
But now my gracious numbers are decay'd,  
And my sick muse doth give another place.  
I grant, sweet love ! thy lovely argument  
Deserves the travail of a worthier pen ;  
Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent,  
He robs thee of, and pays it thee again ;  
He lends thee virtue, and he stole that word  
From thy behaviour. Beauty doth he give,  
And found it in thy cheek. He can afford  
No praise to thee, but what in thee doth live.

---

*SUN-SET.*

---

Then thank him not for that which he doth say,  
Since what he owes to thee, thyself dost pay.

---

*SUN-SET.*

THAT time of year thou may'st in me behold,  
When yellow leaves, or none, or few do hang  
Upon those boughs, which shake against the cold,  
Bare ruin'd quires, where late the sweet birds sang.  
In me thou seest the twilights of such day,  
As after sun-set fadeth in the west;  
Which by and by black night doth take away,  
Death's second self, that seals all up in rest.  
In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,  
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,  
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,  
Consum'd by that which it was nourish'd by.  
'Tis thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,  
To love that well, which thou must leave ere long.

Thy glass will shew thee how thy beauties wear :  
Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste ;  
The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,  
And of this book this learning may'st thou taste.  
The wrinkles which thy glass will show,  
Of mouthed graves, will give the memory :



---

*A MONUMENT TO FAME.*

---

Thou by the dial's shady stealth may'st know  
Time's thievish progress to eternity.  
Look what thy memory cannot contain,  
Commit to these waste blacks and thou shalt find  
Those children nurs'd, deliver'd from thy brain,  
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.

These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,  
Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy book.

---

*A MONUMENT TO FAME.*

NOT mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul  
Of the wide world, dreaming on things to come,  
Can yet the lease of my true love controul,  
Suppos'd as forfeit to a confin'd doom.  
The mortal moon hath her eclipse endur'd,  
And the sad augurs mock their own presage :  
Incertainties now crown themselves assur'd,  
And peace proclaims olives of endless age.  
Now with the drops of this most balmy time,  
My love looks fresh, and death to me subscribes ;  
Since spite of him I'll live in this poor rhyme,  
While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes.  
And thou in this shalt find thy monument,  
When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.

---

*PERJURY.*

---

What's in the brain, that ink may character,  
Which hath not figur'd to thee my true spirit ;  
What's now to speak, what now to register,  
That may express my love, or thy dear merit ?  
Nothing, sweet love ! but yet like prayers divine,  
I must each day say o'er the very same ;  
Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,  
E'en as when first I hallow'd thy fair name.  
So that eternal love, in love's fresh case,  
Weighs not the dust and injuries of age,  
Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,  
But makes antiquity for aye his page :  
    Finding the first conceit of love there bred,  
    Where time and outward form would shew it dead.

---

*PERJURY.*

LOVE is too young to know what conscience is,  
Yet who knows not conscience is born of love ?  
Then gentle cheater urge not my amiss,  
Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove.  
For thou betraying me, I do betray  
My nobler part to my gross body's treason ;  
My soul doth tell my body that he may  
Triumph in love, flesh stays no farther reason :  
But rising at thy name doth point out thee,  
As his triumphant prize ; proud of this pride,

---

*CEPHALUS AND PROCRIS.*

---

He is contented thy poor drudge to be,  
To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.  
No want of conscience hold it, that I call  
Her love, for whose dear love I rise and fall.

In loving thee, thou know'st I am forsworn,  
But thou art twice forsworn to me love swearing;  
In act thy bed-vow broke, and new faith torn,  
In vowing new hate after new love bearing.  
But why of two oath's breach do I accuse thee,  
When I break twenty ! I am perjur'd most ;  
For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee :  
And all my honest faith in thee is lost.  
For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kindness ;  
Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy ;  
And to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness ;  
Or made them swear against the thing they see.  
For I have sworn thee fair ; more perjur'd I,  
To swear against the truth so foul a lie.

---

*THE TALE OF CEPHALUS AND PROCRIS.*

BENEATH Hymettus' hill, well cloth'd with flowers,  
A holy well her soft springs gently pours :  
Where stands a copse, in which the wood-nymphs shrove,  
(No wood) it rather seems a slender grove,

CÉPHALUS AND PROCRIS.

---

The humble shrubs and bushes hide the grass,  
Here laurel, rosemary, here myrtle was :  
Here grew thick box, and tam'risk, that excels,  
And made a mere confusion of sweet smells.  
The trifoly, the pine ; and on this heath  
Stands many a plant that feels cold Zephyr's breath.  
Here the young CÉPHALUS, tir'd in the chace,  
Us'd his repose and rest alone t' embrace ;  
And where he sat, these words he would repeat,  
" Come, air, sweet air, come cool my mighty heat !  
" Come, gentle air, I never will forsake thee,  
" I'll hug thee thus, and in my bosom take thee."  
Some double duteous tell-tale hapt to hear this,  
And to his jealous wife doth straightway bear this ;  
Which PROCRIS hearing, and withal the name  
Of air, sweet air, which he did oft proclaim,  
She stands confounded, and amaz'd with grief,  
By giving this fond tale too sound belief.  
And looks, as do the trees by winter nipt,  
Whom frost and cold of fruit and leaves half stript.  
She bends like corveil, when too rank it grows,  
Or when the ripe fruits clog the quince-tree boughs.  
But when she comes t' herself, she tears  
Her garments, eyes, her cheeks, and hairs ;  
And then she starts, and to her feet applies her,  
Then to the wood (stark wood) in rage she hies her.  
Approaching somewhat near, her servants they  
By her appointment in a valley stay ;

---

CEPHALUS AND PROCRIS.

---

While she alone, with creeping paces, steals  
To take the strumpet, whom her lord conceals.  
What means thou, PROCRIS, in these groves to hide thee?  
What rage of love doth to this madness guide thee?  
Thou hop'st the air he calls, in all her bravery,  
Will strait approach, and thou shalt see their knavery.  
And now again it irks her to be there.  
For such a killing sight her heart will tear.  
No truce can with her troubled thoughts dispense,  
She would not now be there, nor yet be thence.  
Behold the place her jealous mind foretels,  
Here do they use to meet, and no where else :  
The grass is laid, and see their true impression,  
Even here they lay ! aye, here was their transgression.  
A body's print she saw, it was his seat,  
Which makes her faint heart 'gainst her ribs to beat.  
PHÆBUS the lofty eastern hill had scal'd,  
And all moist vapours from the earth exhal'd.  
Now in his noon-tide point he shineth bright,  
It was the middle hour, 'twixt noon and night.  
Behold young CEPHALUS draws to the place,  
And with the fountain water sprinks his face.  
PROCRIS is hid, upon the grass he lies,  
And come, sweet Zephyr, come, sweet air, he cries.  
She sees her error now from where he stood,  
Her mind returns to her, and her fresh blood ;  
Among the shrubs and briers she moves and rustles,  
And the injurious boughs away she justles.

---

*CUPID'S TREACHERY.*

---

Intending, as he lay there to repose him,  
Nimble to run, and in her arms inclose him.  
He quickly casts his eye upon the bush,  
Thinking therein some savage beast did rush ;  
His bow he bends, and a keen shaft he draws :  
Unhappy man, what dost thou ? stay, and pause,  
It is no brute beast thou would'st 'reave of life ;  
O ! man unhappy ! thou hast slain thy wife !  
O heaven ! she cries, O help me ! I am slain ;  
Still doth thy arrow in my wound remain.  
Yet tho' by timeless fate my bones here lie,  
It glads me most, that I no cuck-queen die.  
Her breath (thus in the arms she most affected)  
She breathes into the air (before suspected)  
The whilst he lifts her body from the ground,  
And with his tears doth wash her bleeding wound.

---

*CUPID'S TREACHERY.*

CUPID laid by his brand, and fell asleep ;  
A maid of Dian's this advantage found,  
And his love-kindling fire did quickly steep  
In a cold valley-fountain of that ground :  
Which borrow'd from his holy fire of love,  
A dateless lively heat still to endure,  
And grew a seething bath, which yet men prove  
Against strange maladies a sovereign cure.

---

---

CUPID'S TREACHERY.

---

---

But at my mistress' eyes love's brand new fired,  
The boy for trial needs would touch my breast ;  
I sick withal the help of bath desired,  
And thither hied a sad distemper'd guest :  
    But found no cure, the bath for my help lies,  
    When CUPID got new fire, my mistress' eyes.

The little love-god lying once asleep,  
Laid by his side his heart and flaming brand,  
Whilst many nymphs that vow'd chaste life to keep,  
Came tripping by ; but in her maiden hand,  
The fairest votary took up that fire,  
Which many legions of true hearts had warm'd ;  
And so the general of hot desire  
Was sleeping, by a virgin hand disarm'd.  
This brand she quench'd in a cool well by,  
Which from love's fire took heat perpetual,  
Growing a bath and healthful remedy  
For men diseas'd ; but I my mistress' thrall,  
    Came there for cure, and this by that I prove,  
    Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.

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MENELAUS.

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*THAT MENELAUS WAS THE CAUSE OF HIS  
OWN WRONGS.*

WHEN MENELAUS from his house is gone,  
Poor ~~HELEN~~ HELEN is afraid to lie alone;  
And to allay these fears (lodg'd in her breast)  
In her warm bosom she receives her guest.  
What madness was this, MENELAUS, say?  
Thou art abroad, whilst in the house doth stay,  
Under the self-same roof, thy guest, and love:  
Madman! unto the hawk thou trusts the dove.  
And who but such a gull, would give to keep  
Unto the mountain wolf, full folds of sheep?  
HELEN is blameless, so is PARIS too,  
And did what thou, or I myself would do.  
The fault is thine, I tell thee to thy face,  
By limiting these lovers, time and place.  
From these the seeds of all thy wrongs are grown,  
Whose counsels have they follow'd but thine own?  
Alack! what should they do? abroad thou art,  
At home thou leav'st thy guest to play thy part.  
To lie alone, the poor queen is afraid,  
In the next room an amorous stranger staid;  
Her arms are ope t' embrace him, he falls in:  
And, PARIS, I acquit thee of the sin

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---

MENELAUS.

---

---

*AND IN ANOTHER PLACE SOMEWHAT  
RESEMBLING THIS.*

ORESTES liked, but not loved dearly  
HERMIONE, till he had lost her clearly.  
Sad MENELAUS! why dost thou lament  
Thy late mishap? I prithee be content.  
Thou know'st the amorous HELEN, fair and sweet;  
And yet without her didst thou sail to Crete.  
And thou wast blithe, and merry all the way;  
But when thou saw'st she was the Trojan's prey,  
Then wast thou mad for her, and for thy life,  
Thou canst not now one minute want thy wife.  
So stout ACHILLES, when his lovely bride,  
BRISEIS, was dispos'd to great ATRIDE,  
Nor was he vainly mov'd, ATRIDES too  
Offer'd no more, than he of force must do.  
I should have done as much, to set her free;  
Yet I (Heaven knows) am not so wise as he.

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MARS AND VENUS.

---

VULCAN WAS JUPITER'S SMITH,

AN EXCELLENT WORKMAN, ON WHOM THE PORTS  
FATHER MANY RARE WORKS, AMONG WHICH  
I FIND THIS ONE.

*MARS AND VENUS.*

THIS tale is blas'd thro' Heaven, how once un'ware,  
VENUS and MARS were took in VULCAN's snare.  
The god of war doth in his brow discover  
The perfect and true pattern of a lover.  
Nor could the goddess VENUS be so cruel  
To deny MARS (soft kindness is a jewel  
In any woman, and becomes her well)  
In this the queen of love doth most excel.  
(O Heaven!) how often have they mock'd and flouted  
The smith's polt-foot (whilst nothing he misdoubted;)   
Made jests of him, and his begrimed trade;  
And his smoog'd visage, black with coal-dust made.  
MARS, tickled with loud laughter, when he saw  
VENUS like VULCAN limp, to halt and draw  
One foot behind another, with sweet grace,  
To counterfeit his lame uneven pace.  
Their meetings first the lovers hide with fear  
From every jealous eye, and captious ear.  
The god of war, and love's lascivious dame,  
In public views were full of bashful shame.  
But the Sun spies how this sweet pair agree,  
(O what, bright PHÆBUS, can be hid from thee?)

---

MARS AND VENUS.

---

The Sun both sees and blabs the sight forthwith,  
And in all post he speeds to tell the smith.  
O Sun! what bad examples dost thou show?  
What thou in secret seest, must all men know?  
For silence, ask a bribe from her fair treasure;  
She'll grant thee that shall make thee swell with pleasure.  
The god, whose face is smoo'd with smoke and fire,  
Placeth about their bed a net of wire;  
So quaintly made, that it deceives the eye.  
Strait (as he feigns) to Lemnos he must hie.  
The lovers meet, where he the train hath set,  
And both lie fast catch'd in a wiry net:  
He calls the gods, the lovers naked spall,  
And cannot rise; the queen of love shews all.  
MARS chafes, and VENUS weeps, neither can finch;  
Grappled they lie, in vain they kick and wince.  
Their legs are one within another ty'd;  
Their hands so fast, that they can nothing hide.  
Amongst these high spectators, one by chance,  
That saw them naked in this pitfall dance,  
Thus to himself said; If it tedious be,  
Good god of war, bestow thy place on me.

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HISTORY OF THE MINOTAUR.

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*THE HISTORY HOW THE MINOTAUR  
WAS BEGOT.*

IDA of cedars and tall trees stands full,  
Where fed the glory of the herd, a bull  
Snow-white, save 'twixt his horns one spot there grew ;  
Save that one stain he was of milky hue.  
This fair steer did the heifers of the groves  
Desire to bear, as prince of all the droves.  
But most PASIPHÆE, with adulterous breath,  
Envies the wanton heifers to the death.  
'Tis said, that for this bull the doating lass  
Did use to crop young boughs, and mow fresh grass ;  
Nor was the amorous Cretan queen afraid,  
To grow a kind companion to the herd.  
Thus thro' the champaign she is madly borne,  
And a wild bull to MINOS gives the horn.  
'Tis not for bravery he can love or loath thee,  
Then why, PASIPHÆE, dost thou richly clothe thee ?  
Why should'st thou thus thy face and looks prepare ?  
What mak'st thou with thy glass ord'ring thy hair ?  
Unless thy glass could make thee seem a cow ;  
But how can horns grow on that tender brow ?  
If MINOS please thee, no adulterer seek thee,  
Or if thy husband MINOS do not like thee ;  
But thy lascivious thoughts are still encreas'd,  
Deceive him with a man, not with a beast.  
Thus by the queen the wide woods are frequented,  
And leaving the king's bed, she is contented

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THE MINOTAUR.

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---

To use the groves, borne by the rage of mind,  
Even as a ship with a full eastern wind.  
Some of these strumpet heifers the queen slew,  
Her smoaking altars their warm bloods imbrue;  
Whilst by the sacrificing priest she stands,  
And gripes their trembling entrails in her hands:  
At length, the captain of the herd beguil'd  
With a cow's-skin, by curious art compil'd,  
The longing queen obtains her full desire,  
And in her infant's form bewrays the sire.

*This Minotaur, when he came to Growth, was inclosed in  
the Labyrinth, which was made by the curious Arts-  
master Dedalus, whose Tale likewise we thus pursue.*

WHEN DEDALUS the labyrinth had built,  
In which t' include the queen PASIPHAE's guilt,  
And that the time was now expir'd full,  
T' inclose the MINOTAUR, half man, half bull:  
Kneeling, he says, Just MINOS, end my moans,  
And let my native soil intomb my bones:  
Or if, dread sovereign, I deserve no grace,  
Look with a piteous eye on my son's face;  
And grant me leave, from whence we are exil'd,  
Or pity me, if you deny my child.

This, and much more, he speaks, but all in vain,  
The king both son and father will detain:

## THE MINOTAUR.

Which he perceiving, says ; Now, now, 'tis fit,  
To give the world cause to admire my wit :  
Both land and sea are watch'd by day and night ;  
Nor land nor sea lies open to our sight,  
Only the air remains ; then let us try  
To cut a passage thro' the air and fly.  
Jove be auspicious in my enterprize,  
I covet not to mount above the skies :  
But make this refuge, since I can prepare  
No means to fly, my lord, but thro' the air.  
Make me immortal, bring me to the brim  
Of the black Stygian water Styx, I'll swim.  
Oh ! human wit, thou canst invent much ill,  
Thou searchest strange arts ; who would think, by skill,  
A heavy man, like a light bird, should stray,  
And thro' the empty heavens find a way ?  
He placeth in just order all his quills,  
Whose bottoms with resolved wax he fills ;  
Then binds them with a line, and b'ing fast ty'd,  
He placeth them like oars on either side.  
The tender lad the downy feathers blew,  
And what his father meant, he nothing knew.  
The wax he fasten'd, with the strings he play'd,  
Nor thinking for his shoulders they were made ;  
To whom his father spake (and then look'd pale)  
With these swift ships, we to our land must sail.  
All passages doth cruel MINOS stop,  
Only the empty air he still leaves ope.

---

THE MINOTAUR.

---

That way must we ; the land and the rough deep  
Doth MINOS bar, the air he cannot keep.  
But in the way, beware thou set no eye  
On the sign VIRGO, nor BOOTES high :  
Look not the black ORION in the face,  
That shakes his sword, but just with me keep pace.  
Thy wings are now in fast'ning, follow me,  
I will before thee fly ; as thou shalt see  
Thy father mount, or stoop, so I aread thee ;  
Make me thy guard, and safely I will lead thee.  
If we should soar too near great PHŒBUS' seat,  
The melting wax will not endure the heat :  
Or if we fly too near the humid seas,  
Our moisten'd wings we cannot shake with ease.  
Fly between both, and with the gusts that rise,  
Let thy light body sail amidst the skies:  
And ever as his little son he charms,  
He fits the feathers to his tender arms :  
And shews him how to move his body light,  
As birds first teach their little young ones flight.  
By this he calls to counsel all his wits,  
And his own wings unto his shoulders fits :  
Being about to rise, he fearful quakes,  
And in this new way his faint body shakes.  
First, ere he took his flight, he kiss'd his son,  
Whilst by his cheeks the brinish waters run.  
There was a hillock not so tow'ring tall,  
As lofty mountains be, nor yet so small

---

THE MINOTAUR.

---

To be with vallies even, and yet a hill ;  
From this, thus both attempt their uncouth skill.  
The father moves his wings, and with respect  
His eyes upon his wandering son reflect.  
They bear a spacious course, and the apt boy,  
Fearless of harm, in his new tract doth joy,  
And flies more boldly. Now upon them look  
The fishermen, that angle in the brook ;  
And with their eyes cast upwards, frighted stand.  
By this, is Samos isle on their left hand ;  
Upon the right, Lebinthos they forsake,  
Astypale and the fishy lake ;  
Shady Pachine full of woods and groves.  
When the rash youth, too bold and vent'ring roves ;  
Loseth his guide, and takes his flight so high,  
That the soft wax against the sun doth fry,  
And the cords slip that kept the feathers fast,  
So that his arms have power upon no blast.  
He fearfully from the high clouds looks down  
Upon the lower heavens, whose curl'd waves frown  
At his ambitious height, and from the skies  
He sees black night and death before his eyes.  
Still melts the wax, his naked arms he shakes,  
And thinking to catch hold, no hold he takes.  
But now the naked lad down headlong falls,  
And by the way, he Father, father, calls ;  
Help, father, help, I die : and as he speaks  
A violent surge his course of language breaks.



---

 ACHILLES, HIS CONCEALMENT OF HIS SEX, &c.
 

---

Th' unhappy father (but no father now)  
 Cries out aloud, Son Ic'rus, where art thou?  
 Where art thou, Icarus, where dost thou fly?  
 Ic'rus, where art? when lo, he may espy  
 The feathers swim; aloud he doth exclaim:  
 The earth his bones, the sea still bears his name. •

---

 ACHILLES,

 HIS CONCEALMENT OF HIS SEX IN THE COURT OF  
 LYCOMEDES.

NOW from another word doth sail with joy,  
 A welcome daughter to the king of Troy.  
 The whilst the Grecians are already come,  
 (Mov'd with that general wrong 'gainst ILLIUM)  
 ACHILLES in a smock his sex doth smother,  
 And lays the blame upon his careful mother.  
 What mak'st thou, great ACHILLES, teasing wool,  
 When PALLAS in a helm should clasp thy scull?  
 What do these fingers with fine threads of gold,  
 Which were more fit a warlike shield to hold?  
 Why should that right hand rock or tow contain,  
 By which the Trojan Hector must be slain?  
 Cast off thy loose veils, and thy armour take,  
 And in thy hand the spear of PALLAS shake.

---

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

---

Thus lady-like he with a lady lay,  
 Till what he was her belly must bewray ;  
 Yet was she forc'd (so should we all believe)  
 Not to be forc'd so, now her heart would grieve.  
 When he should rise from her, still would she cry,  
 (For he had arm'd him, and his rock laid by)  
 And with a soft voice speak : *ACHILLES* stay,  
 It is too soon to rise, lie down, I pray :  
 And then the man that forc'd her she would kiss :  
 What force (*DEIDAMIA*) call you this ?

---

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

FROM off a hill whose concave womb reworded  
 A plaintive story from a sist'ring vale,  
 My spirits t' attend this double voice accorded,  
 And down I laid to list the sad-tun'd tale,  
 Ere long espied a fickle maid full pale,  
     Tearing of papers, breaking rings a-twain,  
     Storming her words with sorrow's wind and rain :

Upon her head a platted hive of straw,  
 Which fortify'd her visage from the sun,  
 Whereon the thought might think sometime it saw  
 The carcase of a beauty spent and done.  
 Time had not scithed all that youth begun,  
     Nor youth all quit ; but spite of Heaven's full rage,  
     Some beauty peep'd thro' lattice of sear'd age.

---

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

---

Oft did she heave her napkin to her eyne,  
Which on it had conceited characters ;  
Laundring the silken figures in the brine,  
That season'd woe had pelleted in tears ;  
And often reading what contents it bears :  
    As often shrieking undistinguish'd woe,  
    In clamours of all size, both high and low.

Sometimes her levell'd eyes their carriage ride,  
As they did battery to the spheres intend ;  
Sometimes diverted, their poor balls are ty'd  
To th' orb'd earth ; sometimes they do extend  
Their view right on ; anon their gazes lend  
    To every place at once, and no where fix'd,  
    The mind and sight distractedly commix'd.

Her hair, nor loose nor ty'd in formal plat,  
Proclaim'd in her a careless hand of pride ;  
For some untuck'd descended her shav'd hat,  
Hanging her pale and pined cheek beside ;  
Some in her threaden fillet still did 'bide,  
    And true to bondage, would not break from thence,  
    Tho' slackly braided in loose negligence.

A thousand favours from a maund she drew  
Of amber, crystal, and of beaded jet ;  
Which one by one she in a river threw,  
Upon whose weeping margent she was set,  
Like usury applying wet to wet ;  
    Or monarch's hands, that let not bounty fall,  
    Where want cries some, but where excess begs all.

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A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

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---

Of folded schedules had she many a one,  
Which she perus'd, sigh'd, tore, and gave the flood ;  
Crack'd many a ring of posied gold and bone,  
Bidding them find their sepulchres in mud :  
Found yet more letters sadly penn'd in blood,  
    With sleided silk, feat and affectedly  
    Enswath'd and seal'd to curious secrecy.

These often bath'd she in her fluxive eyes,  
And often kiss'd, and often gave a tear ;  
Cry'd, O false blood ! thou register of lies,  
What unapproved witness dost him bear !  
Ink would have seem'd more black and damned here !  
    This said, in top of rage the lines she rents,  
    Big discontent so breaking their contents.

A reverend man, that graz'd his cattle nigh,  
Sometime a blusterer, that the ruffle knew  
Of court, of city, and had let go by  
The swiftest hours observed as they flew ;  
Towards this afflicted fancy fastly drew :  
    And, privileg'd by age, desires to know,  
    In brief, the grounds and motives of her woe.

So slides he down upon his grained bat,  
And comely distant sits he by her side ;  
When he again desires her, being sat,  
Her grievance with his hearing to divide ;  
If that from him there may be aught apply'd,  
    Which may her suffering extasy assuage :  
    'Tis promis'd in the charity of age.

---

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

---

Father, she says, tho' in me you behold  
The injury of many a blasting hour,  
Let it not tell your judgment I am old ;  
Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power :  
I might as yet have been a spreading flower,  
    Fresh to myself, if I had self-apply'd  
    Love to myself, and to no love beside.

But woe is me ! too early I attended  
A youthful suit ; it was to gain my grace ;  
O ! one by nature's outwards so commended,  
That maiden's eyes stuck over all his face ;  
Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her place ;  
    And when in his fair parts she did abide,  
    She was new lodg'd, and newly deify'd.

His browny locks did hang in crooked curls,  
And every light occasion of the wind  
Upon his lips their silken parcels hurls.  
What's sweet to do, to do will aptly find ;  
Each eye that saw him did enchant the mind ;  
    For on his visage was in little drawn,  
    What largeness thinks in Paradise was seen.

Small shew of man was yet upon his chin,  
His phoenix down began but to appear,  
Like unshorn velvet, on that termless skin,  
Whose bare out-bragg'd the web it seem'd to wear ;  
Yet shew'd his visage by that cost most dear :  
    And nice affections wavering, stood in doubt  
    It best 'twere as it was, or best without.

---

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

---

His qualities were beauteous as his form,  
For maiden-tongu'd he was, and thereof free :  
Yet if men mov'd him, was he such a storm,  
As oft 'twixt May and April is to see,  
When winds breathe sweet, unruly tho' they be,  
His rudeness so with his authoriz'd youth,  
Did livery falseness in a pride of truth.

Well could he ride, and often men would say,  
That horse his mettle from his rider takes ;  
Proud of subjection, noble by the sway,  
What rounds, what bounds, what course, what stop he  
And controversy hence a question takes, (makes!  
Whether the horse by him became his deed,  
Or he his, manag'd by th' well-doing steed ?

But quickly on this side the verdict went ;  
His real habitude gave life and grace  
To appertainings and to ornament,  
Accomplish'd in himself, not in his case ;  
All aids themselves made fairer by their place,  
Can for additions yet their purpose trim,  
Piec'd not his grace, but were all grac'd by him.

So on the tip of his subduing tongue  
All kinds of arguments and questions deep,  
All replication prompt, and reason strong,  
For his advantage still did wake and sleep,  
To make the weeper laugh, the laughter weep,  
He had the dialect and different skill,  
Catching all passions in his craft of will.

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A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

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---

That he did in the general bosom reign  
Of young, of old, and sexes both enchanted,  
To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain  
In personal duty, following where he haunted ;  
Consent's bewitched, ere he desire have granted ;  
And dialogu'd for him what he would say,  
Ask'd their own wills, and made their wills obey.

Many there were that did his picture get,  
To serve their eyes, and in it put their mind ;  
Like fools that in th' imagination set  
The goodly objects, which abroad they find,  
Of lands and mansions, theirs in thought assign'd ;  
And labouring, in more pleasures to bestow them,  
Then the true gouty landlord, who doth own them.

So many have, that never touch'd his hand,  
Sweetly suppos'd them mistress of his heart :  
My woful self, that did in freedom stand,  
And was my own fee simple, not in part,  
What with his art in youth, and youth in art,  
Threw my affections in his charmed power,  
Reserv'd the stalk, and gave him all my flower.

Yet did I not, as some my equals did,  
Demand of him, nor being desir'd, yielded :  
Finding myself in honour so forbid,  
With safest distance I my honour shielded :  
Experience for me many bulwarks builded  
Of proofs new bleeding, which remain'd the foil  
Of this false jewel, and his amorous spoil.

---

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

---

But ah ! however shunn'd by precedent  
The destin'd ill, she must herself assay !  
Or forc'd examples, 'gainst her own content,  
To put thy by-past perils in her way !  
Counsel may stop awhile what will not stay :  
For when we rage, advice is often seen,  
By blunting us, to make our wits more keen.

Nor gives it satisfaction to our blood,  
That we must curb it upon others proof :  
To be forbid the sweets that seem so good,  
For fear of harms, that preach in our behoof.  
O appetite ! from judgment stand aloof.  
The one a palate hath, that needs will taste,  
Tho' reason weep, and cry, It is my last.

For further I could say this man's untrue,  
And knew the patterns of his foul beguiling,  
Heard where his plants in other orchards grew,  
Saw how deceits were gilded in his smiling,  
Knew vows were ever brokers to defiling :  
Thought characters and words merely but art,  
And bastards of his foul adult'rate heart.

And long upon these terms I held my city,  
Till thus he 'gan besiege me : Gentle maid,  
Have of my suffering youth some feeling pity,  
And be not of my holy vows afraid ;  
What's to you sworn, to none was ever said.  
For feasts of love I have been call'd unto,  
Till now did ne'er invite, nor never vow :



---

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

---

All my offences, that abroad you see,  
Are errors of the blood, none of the mind ;  
Love made them not, with acture they may be,  
Where neither party is nor true nor kind :  
They sought their shame, that so their shame did find.  
And so much less of shame in me remains,  
By how much of me their reproach contains.

Among the many that mine eyes have seen,  
Not one whose flame my heart so much as warmed,  
Or my affection put to the smallest teen,  
Or any of my leisures ever charmed :  
Harm have I done to them, but ne'er was harmed ;  
Kept hearts in liveries, but mine own was free,  
And reign'd commanding in his monarchy.

Look here what tribates wounded fancy sent me,  
Of pallid pearls and rubies red as blood ;  
Figuring, that they their passions likewise lent me,  
Of grief and blushes aptly understood ;  
In bloodless white, and the encrimson'd mood,  
Effects of terror, and dear modesty,  
Encamp'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly.

And lo ! behold these talents of their hair  
With twisted metal amorously empleach'd,  
I have receiv'd from many a several fair ;  
Their kind acceptance weepingly beseech'd,  
With th' annexions of fair gems enrich'd ;  
And deep-brain'd sonnets, that did amplify  
Each stone's dear nature, worth and quality :

---

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

---

The diamond ! why 'twas beautiful and hard,  
Whereto his invis'd properties did tend :  
The deep green emerald, in whose fresh regard  
Weak sights their sickly radiance do amend :  
The heaven-hued saphyr, and the opal blend  
    With objects manifold ; each several stone,  
    With wit well blazon'd, smil'd, or made some moan.

Lo ! all these trophies of affection hot,  
Of pensive and subdu'd desires, the tender ;  
Nature hath charg'd me, that I hoard them not,  
But yield them up where I myself must render :  
That is, to you my origin and ender.

    For these of force must your oblations be,  
    Since I their altar, you enpatron me.

O ! then advance (of yours) that phraseless hand,  
Whose white weighs down the airy scale of praise !  
Take all these smiles unto your own command,  
Hallow'd with sighs, that burning lungs did raise ;  
What me your minister for you obeys,

    Works under you, and to your audit comes  
    Their distract parcels, in combined sums.

Lo ! this device was sent me from a nun,  
Or sister sanctify'd, of holiest note,  
Which late her noble suit in court did shun ;  
Whose rarest havings made the blossoms doat,  
For she was fought by spirits of richest coat,  
    But kept cold distance, and did thence remove,  
    To spend her living in eternal love.

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A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

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---

But O ! my sweet, what labour is't to leave  
The thing we have not, mast'ring what not strives ?  
Playing the place which did no form receive :  
Playing patient sports in unconstrained gives !  
She that her fame so to herself contrives,  
    The scars of battle 'scapeth, by the flight,  
    And makes her absence valiant, not her might.

O ! pardon me, in that my boast is true ;  
The accident which brought me to her eye,  
Upon the moment did her force subdue.  
And now she would the caged cloister fly ;  
Religious love put out religious eye :  
    Not to be tempted, would she be immured ;  
    And now to tempt, all liberty procured.

How mighty then are you, O hear me tell !  
The broken bosoms that to me belong,  
Have empty'd all their fountains in my well ;  
And mine I pour your ocean all among.  
I strong o'er them, and you o'er me being strong,  
    Must for your victory us all congest,  
    As compound love to physic your cold breast.

My parts had power to charm a sacred sun ;  
Tho' disciplin'd, I dieted in grace,  
Believ'd her eyes, when they t' assail begun,  
All vows and consecrations giving place.  
O ! most potential love ! vow, bond, nor space,  
    In thee hath neither string, knot, nor confine,  
    For thou art all, and all things else are thine.

---

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

---

When thou impresses, what are precepts worth,  
Of stale example? When thou wilt enflame,  
How coldly those impediments stand forth  
Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame?  
Love's arms are peace, 'gainst rule, 'gainst sense, 'gainst  
And sweetness in the suffering pang it bears, (shame,  
The aloes of all forces, shocks, and fears.

Now all these hearts, that do on mine depend,  
Feeling it break, with bleeding groans they pine,  
And suppliant, their sighs to you extend,  
To leave the battery that you make 'gainst mine,  
Lending soft audience to my sweet design;  
And credent soul to that strong bonded oath,  
That shall prefer and undertake my troth.

This said, his watry eyes he did dismount,  
Whose sights, till then, were level'd on my face,  
Each cheek a river running from a fount,  
With brinish current downward flow'd apace.  
Oh! how the channel to the stream gave grace!  
Who glaz'd with crystal gate the glowing roses,  
That flame thro' water which their hue incloses.

Oh, Father! what a hell of witchcraft lies  
In the small orb of one particular tear!  
But with the inundation of the eyes  
What rocky heart to water will not wear?  
What breast so cold, that is not warmed here?  
Oh, cleft effect! cold modesty, hot wrath!  
Both fire from hence, and chill extinture hath:

---

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

---

For lo ! his passion but an art of craft.  
Even there resolv'd my reason into tears ;  
There my white stole of chastity I daft,  
Shook off my sober guards, and civil fears,  
Appear to him, as he to me appears,  
    All melting, tho' our drops this difference bore,  
    His poison'd me, and mine did him restore.

In him a plenitude of subtle matter,  
Apply'd to cautless, all strange forms receives  
Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,  
Or swooning paleness : and he takes and leaves  
In either's aptness, as it best deceives :  
    To blush at speeches rank, to weep at woes,  
    Or to turn white, and swoon at tragic shows :

That not a heart which in his level came  
Could 'scape the hail of his all-hurting aim.  
Shewing fair nature is both wild and tame :  
And veil'd in them, did win whom he would maim ;  
Against the thing he sought, he would exclaim ;  
    When he most burnt in heart-wish'd luxury,  
    He preach'd pure maid, and prais'd cold chastity.

Thus merely with the garment of a grace,  
The naked and concealed fiend he cover'd ;  
That the unexperienc'd gave the tempter place,  
Which like a cherubim above them hover'd :  
Who, young and simple, would not be so lover'd ?  
    Ah, me ! I fell : and yet do question make,  
    What I should do again for such a sake.

---

AMOROUS EPISTLE OF PARIS TO HELEN.

---

Oh ! that infected moisture of his eye !  
Oh ! that false fire which in his cheek so glow'd !  
Oh ! that forc'd thunder from his heart did fly !  
Oh ! that sad breath his spongy lungs bestow'd !  
Oh ! all that borrow'd motion, seeming ow'd,  
    Would yet again betray the fore-betray'd,  
    And new pervert a reconciled maid !

---

## THE AMOROUS EPISTLE OF PARIS TO HELEN.

HEALTH unto Leda's daughter, PRIAM's son  
Sends in these lines, whose health cannot be won  
But by your gift, in whose power it may lie  
To make me whole or sick ; to live or die.  
Shall I then speak or doth my flame appear  
Plain without index ? Oh ! 'tis that I fear !  
My love without discovering smile takes place,  
And more than I could wish, shines in my face ;  
When I could rather in my thoughts desire  
To hide the smoke, 'till time display the fire :  
Time, that can make the fire of love shine clear,  
Untroubled with the misty smoke of fear.  
But I dissemble it ; for who, I pray,  
Can fire conceal ? that will itself betray.  
Yet if you look, I should affirm that plain  
In words, which in my count'nance I maintain.

---

AMOROUS EPISTLE OF PARIS TO HELEN.

---

I burn, I burn, my faults I have confess'd,  
My words bear witness how my looks transgress'd.  
Oh ! pardon me, that have confess'd my error,  
Cast not upon my lines a look of terror;  
But as your beauty is beyond compare,  
Suit unto that your looks (oh ! you most fair !)  
That you my letter have receiv'd by this,  
The supposition glads me, and I wish,  
By hope encourag'd, hope that makes me strong,  
You will receive me in some sort ere long.  
I ask no more, than what the queen of beauty  
Hath promis'd me, for you are mine by duty.  
By her I claim you, you for me were made,  
And she it was my journey did persuade.  
Nor, lady, think your beauty vainly sought ;  
I by divine instinct was hither brought :  
And to this enterprize the heav'nly powers  
Have given consent, the gods proclaim me yours.  
I aim at wonders, for I covet you ;  
Yet pardon me, I ask but what's my due,  
VENUS herself my journey hither led,  
And gives you freely to my promis'd bed.  
Under her conduct safe the seas I past,  
Till I arriv'd upon these coasts at last :  
Shipping myself from the Sygean shore,  
Whence unto these confines my course I bore  
She made the surges gentle, the winds fair ;  
Nor marvel whence these calms proceeded are

---

AMOROUS EPISTLE OF PARIS TO HELEN.

---

Needs must she power upon the salt seas have,  
That was sea-born, created from a wave.  
Still may she stand in her ability,  
And as she made the seas with much facility,  
To be thro' sail'd ; so may she calm my heat,  
And bear my thoughts to their desired seat.  
My flames I found not here ; no, I protest,  
I brought them with me closed in my breast ;  
Myself transported them without attorney ;  
Love was the motive to my tedious journey.  
Not blust'ring winter, when he triumph'd most,  
Nor any error, drove me to this coast :  
Not led by fortune where the rough winds please,  
Nor merchant-like, for gain cross'd I the seas.  
Fulness of wealth in all my fleet I see,  
I'm rich in all things, save in wanting thee.  
No spoil of petty nations my ship seeks,  
Nor land I as a spy among the Greeks.  
What need we ? See, of all things we have store !  
Compar'd with Troy, alas ! your Greece is poor.  
For thee I come, thy fame hath thus far driven me,  
Whom golden VENUS hath by promise given me.  
I wish'd thee ere I knew thee, long ago,  
Before these eyes dwelt on this glorious show.  
I saw thee in my thoughts ; know, beauteous dame,  
I first beheld you with the eyes of fame.  
Nor marvel, lady, I was stroke so far ;  
Thus darts or arrows sent from bows of war,



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AMOROUS EPISTLE OF PARIS TO HELEN.

---

Wound a great distance off: so was I hit  
With a deep smarting wound, that wrankles yet.  
For so it pleas'd the fates, whom lest you blame,  
I'll tell a true tale to confirm the same.

When in my mother's womb full ripe I lay,  
Ready the first hour to behold the day,  
And she at point to be deliver'd strait,  
And to unlade her of her royal freight,  
My birth-hour was delay'd, and that sad night  
A fearful vision did the queen affright.  
In a son's stead, to please the aged sire,  
She dreamt she had brought forth a brand of fire.  
Frighted, she rises, and to PRIAM goes:  
To the old king this ominous dream she shows;  
He to the priest; the priest doth this return,  
That the child born shall stately Ilium burn.  
Better than he was 'ware, the prophet guess'd,  
For lo! a kindled brand flames in my breast.  
To prevent fate, a peasant I was held,  
Till my fair shape all other swains excell'd?  
And gave the doubtful world assurance good,  
Your PARIS was deriv'd from royal blood.

Amid the Idean fields, there is a place  
Remote, full of high trees, which hide the face  
Of the green mantled earth, where in thick rows,  
The oak, the elm, the pine, the pitch-tree grows.

---

AMOROUS EPISTLE OF PARIS TO HELEN.

---

Here never yet did browse the wanton ewe,  
Nor from his plot the slow ox lick the dew.  
The savage goat that feeds among the rocks,  
Hath not graz'd here, nor any of their flocks.  
Hence the Dardanian walls I might espy,  
The lofty towers of Ilium reared high.  
Hence I the seas might from the firm land see,  
Which to behold, I lean'd me on a tree.  
Believe me, for I speak but what is true,  
Down from the sky, with feather'd pinions, flew  
The nephew to great ATLAS, and doth stand,  
With golden CADUCEUS in his hand.  
This, as the gods to me thought good to shew,  
I hold it good that you the same should know.  
Three goddesses behind young HERMES move:  
Great JUNO, PALLAS, and the queen of Love;  
Who as in pomp and pride of gait they pass,  
Scarce with their weight they bend the tops of grass.  
Amaz'd I start, and endlong stands my hair,  
When MAIA's son thus says; Abandon fear,  
Thou courteous swain, that to these groves repairest,  
And freely judge which of these three is fairest.  
And lest I should this curious sentence shun,  
He tells me by Jove's sentence all is done;  
And to be judge, I no way can eschew.  
This having said, up thro' the air he flew.  
I strait took heart-a-grace, and grew more bold;  
And there their beauties one by one behold.

## AMOROUS EPISTLE OF PARIS TO HELEN.

Why am I made the judge to give this doom?  
Methinks all three are worthy to o'ercome.  
To injure two such beauties what tongue dare?  
Or prefer one, where they be all so fair?  
Now this seems fairest, now again that other;  
Now would I speak, and now my thoughts I smother:  
And yet at length the praise of one most sounded;  
And from that one my present love is grounded.  
The goddesses, out of their earnest care,  
And pride of beauty to be held most fair,  
Seek, with large alms, and gifts of wond'rous price,  
To their own thoughts my censure to entice.  
JUNO the wife of Jove doth first enchant me;  
To judge her fairest, she a crown will grant me.  
Pallas, her daughter, next doth undertake me;  
Give her the prize, and valiant she will make me.  
I strait devise which can most pleasure bring,  
To be a valiant soldier, or a king.  
Last VENUS smiling, came with such a grace,  
As if she sway'd an empire in her face:  
Let not (said she) these gifts the conquest bear,  
Combats and kingdoms are both fraught with fear.  
I'll give thee what thou lov'st best (lovely swain)  
The fairest saint that doth on earth remain  
Shall be thine own: make thou the conquest mine,  
Fair LÆDA's fairest daughter shall be thine.  
This said, when with myself I had devised,  
And her rich gift and beauty jointly prized;

SHAKESPEARE'S POEMS.



W. M. Craig, del.

Mackenzie, sc.

*Why am I made the judge, to give this doom.  
Methinks all three are worthy to overcome?*

*Vol. 2. p. 82.*



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AMOROUS EPISTLE OF PARIS TO HELEN.

---

VENUS, the victor o'er the rest is plac'd,  
JUNO and PALLAS leave the mount disgrac'd.  
Mean time my fate a prosperous course had run,  
And by known signs king PRIAM call'd me son.  
The day of my restoring is kept holy  
Among the saints days, consecrated solely  
To my remembrance, being a day of joy  
For ever in the calendars of Troy.

As I wish you, I had been wish'd by others;  
The fairest maids by me would have been mothers :  
Of all my favours, I bestow'd not any,  
You only may enjoy the loves of many.  
Nor by the daughters of great dukes and kings,  
Have I alone been sought, whose marriage rings  
I have turn'd back ; but by a strain more high,  
By nymphs and fairies, such as never die.  
No sooner were you promis'd as my due,  
But I all hated, to remember you ;  
Waking, I saw your image ; if I dreamt,  
Your beauteous figure still appear'd to tempt,  
And urge this voyage ; still your face excelling,  
These eyes beheld my dreams were all of HELEN.  
Imagine how your face should now incite me,  
Being seen, that unseen did so much delight me.  
If I was scorch'd so far off from the fire,  
How am I burnt to cinders thus much nigher !

## AMOROUS EPISTLE OF PARIS TO HELEN.

Nor could I longer owe myself this treasure,  
But through the ocean I must search my pleasure.  
The Phrygian hatchets to the roots are put  
Of the Idean pines ; asunder cut,  
The woodland mountain yielded me large fees,  
Being despoil'd of all her tallest trees.  
From whence we have squar'd out unnumber'd beams,  
That must be wash'd within the marine streams.  
The grounded oaks are bow'd, tho' stiff as steel,  
And to the tough ribs in the bending keel  
Woven by shipwrights craft ; then the main mast,  
Across whose middle is the sail-yard plac'd,  
Tackles and sails ; and next you may discern  
Our painted gods upon the hooked stern :  
The god that bears me on my happy way,  
And is my guide, is CUPID. Now the day  
In which the last stroke of the hammer's heard  
Within our navy, in the east appear'd :  
And I must now launch forth (so the fates please)  
To seek adventures in the Ægean seas.  
My father and my mother move delay,  
And by intreaties would inforce my stay :  
They hang about my neck, and with their tears  
Woo me, defer my journey ; but their fears  
Can have no power to keep me from thy sight :  
And now CASSANDRA, full of sad affright,  
With loose dishevel'd tammels, madly skips,  
Just in the way betwixt me and my ships :

---

AMOROUS EPISTLE OF PARIS TO HELEN.

---

O ! whither wilt thou headlong run ? she cries :  
Thou bearest fire with thee, whose smoke up-flies  
Unto the heavens (O Jove !) thou little fearest  
What quenchless flames thou thro' the water bearest.  
CASSANDRA was too true a prophetess ;  
Her quenchless flame she spoke of (I confess)  
My hot desires burn in my breast so fast,  
That no red furnace hotter flames can cast.

I pass the city-gates, my bark I board,  
The favourable winds calm gales afford,  
And fill my sails : unto your land I steer,  
For whither else his course should PARIS bear ?  
Your husband entertains me as his guest,  
And all this happ'neth by the gods' behest.  
He shews me all his pastures, parks, and fields,  
And every rare thing Lacedæmon yields.  
He holds himself much pleased with my being,  
And nothing hides that he esteems worth seeing.  
I am on fire, till I behold your face,  
Of all Achaia's kingdom the sole grace.  
All other curious objects I defy,  
Nothing but HELEN can content mine eye :  
Whom when I saw, I stood transform'd with wonder,  
Senseless, as one struck dead by Jove's sharp thunder :  
As I revive, my eyes I roll and turn,  
Whilst my flam'd thoughts with hotter fancies burn :



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AMOROUS EPISTLE OF PARIS TO HELEN.

---

Even so, as I remember, look'd love's queen,  
When she was last in Phrygian Ida seen ;  
Unto which place by fortune I was train'd,  
Where, by my censure, she the conquest gain'd.  
But had you made a fourth in that contention,  
Of VENUS' beauty there had been no mention :  
HELEN assuredly had borne from all  
The prize of beauty, the bright golden ball.

Only of you may this your kingdom boast.  
By you it is renown'd in every coast :  
Rumour hath every where your beauty blaz'd :  
In what remote clime is not HELEN prais'd ?  
From the bright eastern sun's up-rise, inquire,  
Even to his downfall, where he slakes his fire ;  
There lives not any of your sex that dare  
Contend with you that are proclaim'd so fair.  
Trust me ; for truth I speak : nay, what's most true,  
Too sparingly the world hath spoke of you.  
Fame that hath undertook your name to blaze,  
Play'd but the envious housewife in your praise,  
More than report could promise, or fame blazon,  
Are these divine perfections that I gaze on :  
These were the same that made duke THESEUS lavish,  
Who in thy prime and nonage did thee ravish :  
And worthy rape for such a worthy man !  
Thrice happy ravisher ! to seize thee then,

---

AMOROUS EPISTLE OF PARIS TO HELEN.

---

When thou wer't stript stark naked to the skin,  
A sight of force to make the gods to sin.  
Such is your country's guise, at seasons when  
With naked ladies they mix'd naked men.  
That he did steal thee from thy friends, I praise him ;  
And for that deed, I to the heavens will raise him.  
That he return'd thee back, by Jove I wonder ;  
Had I been THESEUS, he that should asunder  
Have parted thus, or snatch'd thee from my bed,  
First from my shoulders should have par'd my head :  
So rich a purchase, such a glorious prey,  
Should constantly have been detain'd for aye.  
Could these my strong arms possibly unclasp,  
Whilst in their amorous folds they HELEN grasp ?  
Neither by forc'd constraint, nor by free giving,  
Could you depart that compass, and I living.  
But if by rough inforce I must restore you,  
Some fruits of love (which I so long have bore you)  
I first wou'd reap, and some sweet favour gain,  
That all my suit were not bestow'd in vain.  
Either with me you shall abide and stay,  
Or for your pass your maidenhead should pay :  
Or say, I spar'd you that, yet would I try  
What other favor I could else come by ;  
All that belongs to love I would not miss,  
You should not let me both to clip and kiss.

Give me your heart, fair queen, my heart you owe,  
And what my resolution is, you know.

---

**AMOROUS EPISTLE OF PARIS TO HELEN.**

---

Till the last fire my breathless body take,  
The fire within my breast can never slake.  
Before large kingdoms I prefer'd your face,  
And JUNO's love, and potent gifts disgrace;  
To fold you in my amorous arms I chus'd,  
And PALLAS' virtues scornfully refus'd:  
When they, with VENUS on the hill of Ide,  
Made me the judge their beauties to decide.  
Nor do I yet repent me, having took  
Beauty; and strength, and scepter'd rule forsook:  
Methinks I chus'd the best, (nor think it strange)  
I still persist, and never mean to change.  
Only that my employment be not vain,  
(Oh! you more worth than any empire's gain!)  
Let me intreat: lest you my birth should scorn,  
Or parentage, know, I am royal born:  
By marrying me, you shall not wrong your state,  
Nor be a wife to one degenerata.  
Search the records where we did first begin,  
And you shall find the Pleiads of our kin;  
Nay, Jove himself, all others to forbear  
That in our stock renowned princes were.  
My father of all Asia reigns sole king,  
Whose boundless coast scarce any feather'd wing  
Can give a girdle to; a happier land,  
A neighbour to the ocean cannot stand.  
There in a narrow compass you may see  
Cities and towers more than may number'd be;

---

AMOROUS EPISTLE OF PARIS TO HELEN.

---

The houses gilt, rich temples that excel,  
And you will say, I near the great gods dwell.  
You shall behold high Ilium's lofty towers,  
And Troy's brave walls, built by no mortal powers;  
But made by PHŒBUS, the great god of fire,  
And by the touch of his melodious lyre.  
Ask if we have people to inhabit, when  
The sad earth groans to bear such troops of men;  
Judge, HELEN, likewise when you come to land,  
The Asian women shall admiring stand,  
Saluting thee with welcome, more and less,  
In pressing throngs, and numbers numberless.  
More, that our courts can hold of you (most fair)  
You to yourself will say, Alas! how bare  
And poor ACHAIA is! when, with great pleasure,  
You see each house contain a city's treasure.

Mistake me not, I Sparta do not scorn,  
I hold the land blest where my love was born:  
Tho' barren else, rich Sparta HELEN bore,  
And therefore I that province must adore.  
Yet is your land, methinks, but lean and empty.  
You worthy of a clime that flows with plenty:  
Full Troy I prostrate, it is your's by duty;  
This petty seat becomes not your rich beauty.  
Attendance, preparation, curt'sy, state,  
Fit such a heavenly form: on which should wait

---

AMOROUS EPISTLE OF PARIS TO HELEN.

---

Cost, fresh variety, delicious diet,  
Pleasure, contentment, and luxurious riot.  
What ornaments we use, what fashions feign,  
You may perceive by me and my proud train.  
Thus we attire our men; but with more cost  
Of gold and pearl, the rich gowns are imboast  
Of our chief ladies; guess by what you see,  
You may be soon induc'd to credit me.

Be tractable, fair Spartan, nor contemn  
A Trojan born, deriv'd from royal stem :  
He was a Trojan, and ally'd to HECTOR,  
That waits upon Jove's cup, and fills his nectar.  
A Trojan did the fair AURORA wed,  
And nightly slept within her roseat bed.  
The goddess that ends night, and enters day,  
From our fair Trojan coast stole him away.  
ANCHISES was a Trojan, whom love's queen  
(Making the trees of Ida a thick skreen  
'Twixt heaven and her) oft lay with. View me well,  
I am a Trojan too, in Troy I dwell.  
Thy husband, MENELAUS, hither bring,  
Compare our shapes, our years, and every thing :  
I make you judgess, wrong me if you can ;  
You needs must say, I am the properer man.  
None of my line hath turn'd the sun to blood,  
And robb'd his steeds of their ambrosial food.

---

AMOROUS EPISTLE OF PARIS TO HELEN.

---

My father grew not from the Caucase' rock,  
Nor shall I graft you in a bloody stock.  
PRIAM ne'er wrong'd the guiltless soul, or further,  
Made the Myrtean sea look red with murder :  
Nor thirsteth my great grandsire in the lake  
Of Lethe, chin-deep, yet no thirst can slake :  
Nor after ripen'd apples vainly skips,  
Who fly him still, and yet still touch his lips.  
But what of this ? if you be so deriv'd,  
You, notwithstanding, are no right depriv'd :  
You grace your stock, and being so divine,  
Jove is of force compell'd into your line.

Oh, mischief ! whilst I vainly speak of this,  
Your husband all unworthy of such bliss,  
Enjoys you this long night, enfolds your waist,  
And where he lists, may boldly touch and taste.  
So when you sat at table, many a toy  
Passeth between you, my vex'd soul t' annoy.  
At such high feasts I wish my enemy sit  
Where discontent attends on every bit.  
I never yet was plac'd at any feast,  
But oft it irk'd me that I was your guest.  
That which offends me most, thy rude lord knows  
For still his arms about thy neck he throws.  
Which I no sooner spy, but I grow mad,  
And hate the man whose courting makes me sad.  
Shall I be plain ? I am ready to sink down,  
When I behold him wrap you in his gown ;

---

AMOROUS EPISTLE OF PARIS TO HELEN.

---

When you sit smiling on his amorous knee,  
His fingers press where my hands itch to be.  
But when he hugs you, I am forc'd to frown ;  
The meat I'm eating will by no means down,  
But sticks half way : amidst these discontents,  
I have observ'd you laugh at my laments,  
And with a scornful, yet a wanton smile,  
Deride my sighs and groans. Oft to beguile  
My passions, and to quench my fiery rage,  
By quaffing healths I've thought my flame t' assuage ;  
But BACCHUS' full cups make my flames burn higher,  
Add wine to love, and you add fire to fire.  
To shun the sight of many a wanton feat,  
Betwixt your lord and you, I shift my seat,  
And turn my head ; but thinking of your grace,  
Love screws my head to gaze back on your face.  
What were I best to do ? to see you play,  
Mads me, and I perforce must turn away ;  
And to forbear the place where you abide,  
Would kill me dead, should I but start aside.  
As much as lies in me, I strive to bury  
The shape of love, and in mirth's spite seem merry.  
But oh ! the more I seek it to suppress,  
The more my blabbing looks my love profess,

You know my love which I in vain should hide ;  
Would God it did appear to none beside !  
Oh, JOVE ! how often have I turn'd my cheek,  
To hide th' apparent tears, that passage seek

---

AMOROUS EPISTLE OF PARIS TO HELEN.

---

From forth my eyes, and to a corner stept,  
Lest any man should ask wherefore I wept.  
How often have I told you piteous tales,  
Of constant lovers, and how love prevails?  
When such great heed to my discourse I took,  
That every accent suited to your look.  
In forged names myself I represented;  
The lover so perplex'd and so tormented;  
If you will know, behold I am the same;  
PARIS was meant in that true lover's name.  
As often, that I might the more securely,  
Speak loose immodest words, that sound impurely,  
That they offenceless might your sweet ears touch,  
I've lispt them up, like one had drunk too much.  
Once I remember, your loose veil betray'd  
Your naked skin, and a fair passage made  
To my enamour'd eye: Oh! skin much brighter  
Than snow, or purest milk, in colour whiter  
Than your fair mother LÆDA, when Jove grac'd her,  
And in the shape of feather'd swan embrac'd her.  
Whilst at this ravishing sight I stood amaz'd,  
And without interruption freely gaz'd,  
The wreathed handle of the bowl I grasp'd,  
Fell from my hold, my strengthless hand unclasp'd.  
A goblet at that time I held by chance,  
And down it fell, for I was in a trance.  
Kiss your fair daughter, and to her I skip,  
And snatch your kisses from your sweet child's lip.



---

AMOROUS EPISTLE OF PARIS TO HELEN.

---

Sometimes I throw myself along, and lie,  
Singing love-songs; and if you cast your eye  
On my effeminate gesture, I still find  
Some pretty cover'd signs to speak my mind;  
And then my earnest suit bluntly invades  
ÆTHRA and CLIMENE, your two chief maids,  
But they return me answers full of fear,  
And to my motions lend no further ear.  
Oh! that you were the prize of some great strife,  
And he that wins might claim you for his wife.  
HYPOMENES with swift ATLANTA ran,  
And at one course the goal and lady won;  
Even she, by whom so many suitors perish'd,  
Was in the bosom of her new love cherish'd.  
So HERCULES for DEJANEIRA strove,  
Brake ACHELOUS' horn, and gain'd his love.  
Had I such liberty, such freedom granted,  
My resolution never could be daunted.  
Yourself should find, and all the world should see,  
HELEN a prize alone reserv'd for me.  
There is not left me any means (most fair)  
To court you now, but by intreats and prayer;  
Unless (as it becomes me) you think meet,  
That I should prostrate fall, and kiss your feet,  
Oh! all the honour that our last age wins,  
Thou glory of the two Tindarian twins!  
Worthy to be Jove's wife, in heaven to reign,  
Were you not Jove's own daughter, of his strain.

---

AMOROUS EPISTLE OF PARIS TO HELEN.

---

To the Sygean confines I will carry thee,  
And in the temple of great PALLAS, marry thee ;  
Or in this island where I vent my moans,  
I'll beg a tomb for my exiled bones.  
My wound is not a slight raze with an arrow,  
But it hath pierc'd my heart, and burnt my marrow.  
This prophecy my sister oft hath sounded,  
That by an heavenly dart I should be wounded.  
Oh ! then forbear (fair HELEN !) to oppose you  
Against the gods, they say, I shall not lose you.  
Yield you to their behest, and you shall find  
The gods to your petitions likewise kind.  
A thousand things at once are in my brain,  
Which that I may essentially complain,  
And not in papers empty all my head,  
Anon at night receive me to your bed.  
Blush you at this ? or, lady, do you fear  
To violate the nuptial laws austere ?  
Oh, simple HELEN ! foolish I might say,  
What profit reap you to be chaste, I pray ?  
Is't possible, that you a world to win,  
Should keep that face, that beauty, without sin ?  
Rather you must your glorious face exchange  
For one (less fair) or else not seem so strange.  
Beauty and chastity at variance are,  
'Tis hard to find one woman chaste and fair.  
VENUS will not have beauty over-aw'd,  
High Jove himself stolen pleasures will applaud ;

---

AMOROUS EPISTLE OF PARIS TO HELEN.

---

And by such thievish pastimes we may gather  
How Jove 'gainst wedlock's laws became your father.  
He and your mother LÆDA both transgress'd,  
When you were got she bare a tender breast.  
What glory can you gain love-sweets to smother?  
Or to be counted chaster than your mother?  
Profess strict chastity, when with great joy,  
I lead you as my bride espous'd through Troy.  
Then I intreat you rein your pleasures in,  
I wish thy PARIS may be all thy sin.  
If CITHÆRA her firm covenant keep,  
Tho' I within your bosom nightly sleep,  
We shall not much misdo, but so offend,  
That we by marriage may our guilt amend.

Your husband hath himself this business aided,  
And (tho' not with his tongue) he hath persuaded,  
By all his deeds (as much) lest he should stay  
Our private meetings, he is far away,  
Of purpose rid unto the farthest West,  
That he might leave his wife unto his guest.  
No fitter time he could have found to visit  
The Chrisean royal scepter, and to seize it.  
Oh! simple, simple husband! but he's gone,  
And going, left you this to think upon.  
Fair wife (quoth he) I pr'ythee in my place  
Regard the Trojan prince, and do him grace.

---

AMOROUS EPISTLE OF PARIS TO HELEN.

---

Behold, a witness I against you stand,  
You have been careless of this kind command.  
Count from his first day's journey, never since  
Did you regard or grace the Trojan prince.  
What think you of your husband ! that he knows  
The worth and value of the face he owes ?  
Who (but a fool) such beauty would endanger ?  
Or trust it to the mercy of a stranger ?  
Then, royal queen ! if neither may intreat,  
My quenchless passion, nor love's raging heat  
Can win you ; we are woo'd both to this crime,  
Even by the fit advantage of the time :  
Either to love sweet sport we must agree,  
Or shew ourselves to be worse fools than he.  
He took you by the hand the hour he rode,  
And knowing I with you must make abode,  
Brings you to me : what should I further say ?  
It was his mind to give you quite away.

What meant he else ? then let's be blithe and jolly,  
And make the best use of your husband's folly.  
What should we do ? your husband is far gone,  
And this cold night (poor soul) you lie alone.  
I want a bedfellow, so do we either,  
What lets us then, but that we lie together ?  
You slumb'ring think on me, on you I dream,  
Both our desires are fervent and extreme.

AMOROUS EPISTLE OF PARIS TO HELEN.

---

Sweet, then appoint the night, why do you stay ?  
O night ! more clear than e'en the brightest day.  
Then I dare freely speak, protest, and swear,  
And of my vows the gods shall record bear.  
Then will I seal the contract and the strife,  
From that day forward we are man and wife :  
Then questionless I shall so far persuade,  
That you with me shall Troy's rich coast invade,  
And with your Phrygian guest at last agree,  
Our potent kingdom, and rich crown to see.  
But if you (blushing) fear the vulgar bruit,  
That says you follow me, to me make suit,  
Fear it not, HELEN ; I'll so work with fame,  
I will (alone) be guilty of all blame.

Duke THESEUS was my instance, and so were  
Your brothers, lady ; can I come more near,  
To ensample my attempts by ? THESEUS hal'd  
HELEN perforce : your brothers they prevail'd  
With the Lucippian sisters ; now from these,  
I'll count myself the fourth (if HELEN please.)  
Our Trojan navy rides upon the coast,  
Rigg'd, arm'd, and mann'd, and I can proudly boast,  
The banks are high, why do you longer stay ?  
The winds and oars are ready to make way.  
You shall be like a high majestic queen,  
Led thro' the Dardan city, and be seen,

---

AMOROUS EPISTLE OF PARIS TO HELEN.

---

By millions, who your state having commended,  
Will (wond'ring) swear, some goddess is descended.  
Where'er you walk the priests shall incense burn,  
No way you shall your eye or body turn,  
But sacrificed beasts the ground shall beat,  
And bright religious fires the welkin heat.  
My father, mother, brother, sisters, all  
Illium and Troy in pomp majestic,  
Shall with rich gifts present you (but alas!)  
Not the least part (so far they do surpass)  
Can my epistle speak; you may behold  
More than my words or writings can unfold.

Nor fear the bruit of war, or threatening steel,  
When we are fled, to dog us at the heel;  
Or that all Græcia will their powers unite:  
Of many ravish'd, can you one recite  
Whom war repurchas'd? These be idle fears,  
Rough blust'ring BOREAS fair ORITHEA bears  
Unto the land of Thrace, yet Thrace still free,  
And Athens rais'd no rude hostility.  
In winged Pegasus did JASON sail;  
And from great Colchos he MEDEA steal;  
Yet THESSALY you see can shew no scar  
Of former wounds in the Thessalian war.  
He that first ravished you, in such a fleet  
As ours is, ARIADNE brought from Crete.

---

AMOROUS EPISTLE OF PARIS TO HELEN.

---

Yet MINOS and duke THESEUS were agreed,  
About that quarrel not a breast did bleed.  
Less is the danger (trust me) than the fear,  
That in these vain and idle doubts appear.  
But say, rude war should be proclaim'd at length,  
Know I am valiant, and have sinewy strength.  
The weapons that I use are apt to kill.  
Asia besides more spacious fields can fill  
With armed men, than Greece. Amongst us are  
More perfect soldiers, more beasts apt for war.  
Nor can thy husband MENELAUS be  
Of any high spirit and magnanimity;  
Or so well prov'd in arms : for, HELEN, I,  
Being but a lad, have made my enemies fly;  
Regain'd the prey from out the hands of thieves,  
Who had despoil'd our herds, and stol'n our beeves.  
By such adventures I my name obtain'd,  
(Being but a lad) the conquest I have gain'd  
Of young men in their prime, who much could do;  
DEIPHOBUS, ILIONEUS too  
I have o'ercome in many sharp contentions;  
Nor think these are my vain and forg'd inventions;  
Or that I only hand to hand can fight,  
My arrows when I please shall touch the white;  
I am expert i'th' quarry and the bow,  
You cannot boast your heartless husband so.  
Had you the power in all things to supply me,  
And should you nothing in the world deny me;

---

*HELEN TO PARIS.*

---

To give me such a HECTOR to my brother,  
You could not, the earth bears not such another.  
By him alone all Asia is well mann'd ;  
He like an enemy 'gainst Greece shall stand ;  
Oppos'd to your best fortunes, wherefore strive you ?  
You do not know his valour that must wive you,  
Or what hid worth is in me ; but at length  
You will confess when you have prov'd my strength,  
Thus either war shall still our steps pursue,  
Or Greece shall fall in Troy's all conquering view.  
Nor would I fear for such a royal wife,  
To set the universal world at strife.  
To gain rich prizes men will venture far,  
The hope of purchase makes us bold in war.  
If all the world about you should contend,  
Your name should be eterniz'd without end ;  
Only be bold ; and fearless may we sail  
Into my country, with a prosperous gale !  
If the gods grant me my expected day,  
It to the full shall all these covenants pay.

---

*HELEN TO PARIS.*

NO sooner came mine eye unto the sight  
Of thy rude lines, but I must needs re-write.  
Dar'st thou (O shameless) in such heinous wise,  
The laws of hospitality despise ?



---

HELEN TO PARIS.

---

And being a stranger from thy country's reach,  
Solicit a chaste wife to wedlock's breach?  
Was it for this our free Tænarian port  
Receiv'd thee and thy train, in friendly sort;  
And when great NEPTUNE nothing could appease,  
Gave thee fair harbour from the stormy seas;  
Was it for this our kingdom's arms spread wide  
To entertain thee from the water side?  
Yet thou of foreign soil remote from hence,  
A stranger, coming we scarce know from whence,  
Is perjur'd, wrong the recompence of right;  
Is all our friendship guerdon'd with despight?  
I doubt me then, whether in our court doth tarry  
A friendly guest, or a fierce adversary,  
Nor blame me, for if justly you consider,  
And these presumptions well compare together,  
So simple my complaint will not appear,  
But you yourself must needs excuse my fear.  
Well, hold me simple, much it matters not,  
Whilst I preserve my chaste name far from spot?  
For when I seem touch'd with a bashful shame,  
It shews how highly I regard my fame.  
When I seem sad, my countenance is not feign'd;  
And when I low'r, my look is unconstrain'd.  
But say my brow be cloudy, my name's clear,  
And reverently you shall of HELEN hear.  
No man from me adulterate spoils can win;  
For to this hour I've sported without sin:

---

HELEN TO PARIS.

---

Which makes me in my heart the more to wonder,  
What hope you have in time to bring me under :  
Or from mine eye what comfort thou canst gather,  
To pity thee, and not despise thee rather.  
Because once THESEUS hurry'd me from hence,  
And did to me a kind of violence ;  
Follows it therefore, I am of such price,  
That ravish'd once I should be ravish'd twice ?  
Was it my fault, because I striv'd in vain,  
And wanted strength his fury to restrain ?  
He flatter'd, and spake fair, I struggled still ;  
And what he got, was much against my will.  
Of all his toil, he reap'd no wished fruit,  
For with my wrangling I withstood his suit.  
At length I was restor'd, untouch'd, and clear ;  
In all my rape, I suffer'd nought but fear :  
A few untoward kisses he (Got wot)  
Dry, without relish, by much striving got,  
And them with much ado, and to his cost ;  
Of further favours he could never boast.  
I doubt your purpose aims at greater blisses.  
And hardly would alone be pleas'd with kisses.  
Thou hast some further aim, and seek'st to do,  
What, Jove defend, I should consent unto.  
He bore not thy bad mind, but did restore me  
Unblemish'd to the place from whence he bore me.  
The youth was bashful, and thy boldness lack'd,  
And, 'tis well known, repented his bold fact,

---

HELEN TO PARIS.

---

THESEUS repented, so should PARIS do,  
Succeed in love and in repentance too.  
Nor am I angry ; who can angry be  
With him that loves her ? If your heart agree  
With your kind words, your suit I could applaud,  
So I were sure your lips were void of fraud.  
I cast not these strange doubts, or this dispense,  
Like one that were bereft of confidence ;  
Nor that I with myself am in disgrace,  
Or do not know the beauty of my face :  
But because too much trust hath damag'd such  
As have believ'd men in their loves too much.  
And now the general tongue of women saith  
Men's words are full of treason, void of faith.

Let others sin, and hours of pleasure waste,  
'Tis rare to find the sober matron chaste.  
Why ? Say it be that sin prevails with fair ones,  
May not my name be rank'd among the rare ones ?  
Because my mother LÆDA was beguil'd,  
Must I stray too, that am her eldest child ?  
I must confess my mother made a rape,  
But Jove beguil'd her in a borrow'd shape :  
When she (poor soul) nor dreamt of god or man,  
He trod her like a milk-white feather'd swan.  
She was deceiv'd by error ; if I yield  
To your unjust request, nothing can shield

---

HELEN TO PARIS.

---

Me from reproach ; I cannot plead concealing :  
'Twas in her, error ; 'tis in me plain dealing,  
She happily err'd ; he that her honour spilt,  
Had in himself full power to salve the guilt.  
Her error happy'd me too (I confess)  
If to be Jove's child, be a happiness.

T' omit high Jove, of whom I stand in awe,  
As the great grandsire to our father-in-law ;  
To pass the kin I claim from TANTALUS,  
From PELOPS, and from noble TINDARUS ;  
LEDA by Jove, in shape of swan, beguil'd,  
Herself so chang'd, and by him made with child  
Proves Jove my father. Then you idly strive,  
Your name from gods and princes to derive.  
What need you of old PRIAM make relation,  
LAOMEDON, or your great Phrygian nation ?  
Say all be true ; what then ? He of whom most  
To be of your alliance you so boast,  
Jove (five degrees at least) from you remov'd,  
To be the first from me, is plainly prov'd.  
And tho' (as I believ'd well) Troy may stand  
Powerful at sea, and full of strength by land ;  
And no dominion to your state superior,  
I hold our clime nothing to Troy inferior.  
Say, you in riches pass us, or in number  
Of people, whom you boast your streets to cumber :

---

HELEN TO PARIS.

---

Yet your's a barbarous nation is, I tell you,  
And in that kind do we of Greece excel you.  
Your rich epistle doth such gifts present,  
As might the goddesses themselves content,  
And woo them to your pleasure : but if I  
Shall pass the bounds of shame, and tread awry ;  
If ever you should put me to my shifts,  
Yourself should move me more than all your gifts.  
Or if I ever shall transgress by stealth,  
It shall be for your sake, not for your wealth.  
But as your gifts I scorn not, so such seem  
Most precious, where the giver we esteem.  
More than your presents it shall HELEN please,  
That you for her have past the stormy seas ;  
That she hath caus'd your toil, that you respect her,  
And more than all your Trojan dames affect her.

But you're a wag in troth, the notes and signs  
You make at table, in the meats and wines,  
I have observ'd, when I least seem'd to mind them,  
For at the first my curious eye did find them.  
Sometimes (you wanton) your fix'd eye advances  
His brightness against mine, darting sweet glances,  
Out-gazing me with such a steadfast look,  
That my dazl'd eyes their splendor have forsook ;  
And then you sigh, and by and by you stretch  
Your amorous arm outright, the bowl to reach

## HELEN TO PARIS.

That next me stands, making excuse to sip  
Just in the self-same place that kiss'd my lip.  
How oft have I observ'd your finger make  
Tricks and conceited signs, which strait I take?  
How often doth your brow your smooth thoughts cloke,  
When, to my seeming, it hath almost spoke?  
And still I fear'd my husband would have 'spy'd you;  
In troth you are to blame, and I must chide you.  
You are too manifest a lover (tush)  
At such known signs I could not chuse but blush;  
And to myself I oft was forc'd to say,  
This man at nothing shames. Is this (I pray)  
Aught save the truth? Oft-times upon the board,  
Where HELEN was engraven, you the word  
Amo have underwrit, in new-spilt wine:  
(Good sooth) at first I could not scan the line,  
Nor understand your meaning. Now (oh! spite)  
Myself am now taught so to read and write.  
Should I offend, as sin to me is strange,  
These blandishments have power chaste thoughts to  
Or if I could be mov'd to step astray, [change.  
These would provoke me to lascivious play:  
Besides, I must confess, you have a face  
So admirable rare, so full of grace,  
That it hath power to woo, and to make seizure  
Of the most bright chaste beauties to your pleasure.  
Yet had I rather stainless keep my fame,  
Than to a stranger hazard my good name.

## HELEN TO PARIS.

Make me your instance, and forbear the fair ;  
Of that which most doth please you, make most spare.  
The greatest virtues, of which wise men boast,  
Is to obtain from that which pleaseth most.  
How many gallant youths (think you) desire  
That which you covet, scorch'd with the self-same fire ?  
Are all the world fools ? only PARIS wise ?  
Or is there none, save you, have judging eyes ?  
No, no, you view no more than others see,  
But you are plainer and more bold with me.  
You are more earnest to pursue your game ;  
I yield you not more knowledge, but less shame.  
I would to God that you had sail'd from Troy,  
When my virginity and bed t' enjoy,  
A thousand gallant princely suitors came :  
Had I beheld young PARIS, I proclaim,  
Of all those thousand I had made you chief,  
And Spartan MENELAUS, to his grief,  
Should to my censure have subscrib'd and yielded.  
But now (alas !) your hopes are weakly builded :  
You covet goods possess'd, pleasures foretasted ;  
Tardy you come, that should before have hasted ;  
What you desire, another claims as due :  
As I could wish to have been espous'd to you,  
So let me tell you, since it is my fate,  
I hold me happy in my present state.  
Then cease, fair prince, an idle suit to move,  
Seek not to harm her whom you seem to love.

---

HELEN TO PARIS.

---

In my contented state let me be guided,  
As both my states and fortunes have provided ;  
Nor in so vain a quest your spirits toil,  
To seek at my hands an unworthy spoil.

But see how soon poor women are deluded,  
VENUS herself this covenant hath concluded :  
For in the Idean vallies you espy  
Three goddesses, stripp'd naked to your eye ;  
And when the first had promis'd you a crown,  
The second fortitude and war's renown ;  
The third bespake you thus ; Crown, nor war's pride,  
Will I bequeath, but HELEN to thy bride.  
I scarce believe, those high immortal creatures  
Would to your eye expose their naked features.  
Or say the first part of your tale be pure,  
And meet with truth, the second's false I'm sure ;  
In which poor I was thought the greatest meed,  
In such a high cause by the gods decreed.  
I have not of my beauty such opinion,  
T' imagine it preferr'd before dominion,  
Or fortitude ; nor can your words persuade me,  
The greatest gift of all the goddess made me .  
It is enough to me men praise my face,  
But from the gods I merit no such grace :  
Nor doth the praise, you charge me with, offend me ;  
If VENUS do not enviously commend me.



## HELEN TO PARIS.

But lo ! I grant you, and imagine true,  
Your free report, claiming your praise as due.  
Who would in pleasing things call fame a lyar  
But give that credit which we most desire ?

That we have mov'd these doubts, be not you griev'd,  
The greatest wonders are the least believ'd :  
Know then, I first am pleas'd that VENUS ought me  
Such undeserv'd grace ; next that you thought me  
The greatest meed. Nor scepter, nor war's fame,  
Did you prefer before poor HELEN's name.  
(Hard heart ! 'tis time thou shouldst at last come down)  
Therefore I am your valeur, I your crown.  
Your kindness conquers me, do what I can ;  
I were hard hearted not to love this man.  
Obdurate I was never, and yet coy  
To favour him whom I can ne'er enjoy.  
What profits it the barren sands to plough,  
And in the furrows our affections sow ?  
In the sweet theft of VENUS I am rude,  
And know not how my husband to delude.  
Now I these love-lines write, my pen, I vow,  
Is a new office taught, not known till now,  
Happy are they that in this trade have skill ;  
Alas ! I am a fool, and shall be still ;  
And having till this hour not stepp'd astray.  
Fear in these sports lest I should miss my way.

## HELEN TO PARIS.

The fear (no doubt) is greater than the blame,  
I stand confounded, and amaz'd with shame ;  
And with the very thought of what you seek,  
Think every eye fix'd on my guilty cheek.  
Nor are these suppositions merely vain,  
The murmuring people whisperingly complain ;  
And my maid *ÆTHRA* hath, by list'ning slyly,  
Brought me such news, as touch'd mine honour highly.  
Wherefore (dear lord) dissemble or desist ;  
Being over-ey'd, we cannot as we list  
Fashion our sports, our love's pure harvest gather ;  
But why should you desist ? Dissemble rather.  
Sport, but in secret ; sport where none may see :  
The greater, but not greatest liberty  
Is limited to our lascivious play,  
That *MENELAUS* is far hence away.  
My husband about great affairs is posted,  
Leaving his royal guest securely hosted ;  
His business was important and material,  
Being employ'd about a crown imperial.  
And as he is now mounted on his steed,  
Ready on his long journey to proceed :  
Even as he questions to depart or stay,  
Sweet-heart (quoth I) Oh ! be not long away,  
With that he reach'd me a sweet parting kiss,  
(How loth he was to leave me, guess by this :)  
Farewel, fair wife (saith he) bend all thy cares  
To my domestic business, home-affairs ;

---

HELEN TO PARIS.

---

But as the thing that I affection best,  
Sweet wife, look well unto my Trojan guest.  
It was no sooner out, but with much pain  
My itching spleen from laughter I restrain;  
Which striving to keep in, and bridle still,  
At length I rung forth these few words *I will*.  
He's on his journey to the isle of Crete,  
But think not we may therefore safely meet:  
He is so absent, that as present I  
Am still within his reach, his ear, his eye;  
And tho' abroad, his power at home commands,  
For know you not kings have long-reaching hands?  
The fame for beauty you besides have given me  
Into a great exigent hath driven me.  
The more your commendation fill'd his ear,  
The more just cause my husband hath to fear;  
Nor marvel you the king hath left me so,  
Into remote and foreign climes to go:  
Much confidence he dares repose in me,  
My carriage, 'haviour, and my modesty;  
My beauty he mistrusts, my heart relies in;  
My face he fears, my chaste life he affies in.

To take time now when time is, you persuade me,  
And with his apt fit absence you invade me:  
I would but fear, nor is my mind well set;  
My will would further what my fear doth let.

---

HELEN TO PARIS.

---

I have no husband here, and you no wife ;  
I love your shape, your mien, dear as your life.  
The nights seem long to such as sleep alone,  
Our letters meet to interchange our moan.  
You judge me beauteous, I esteem you fair,  
Under one roof we lovers lodged are.  
And (let me die) but every thing consider,  
Each thing persuades us we shall lie together.  
Nothing we see molests us, nought we hear,  
And yet my forward will is slack thro' fear.  
I would to God, that what you ill persuade,  
You could as well compel ; so I were made  
Unwilling willing, pleasingly abus'd,  
So my simplicity might be excus'd.  
Injury's force is oft-times wond'rous pleasing,  
To such as suffer ease in their diseasing ;  
If what I will, you 'gainst my will should do,  
I with such force could be well pleased to.

But whilst our love is young and in the bud,  
Suffer his infant vigour be withstood :  
A flame new kindled is as easily quench'd,  
And sudden sparks in little drops are drench'd.  
A traveller's love is, like himself, unstay'd  
And wanders where he walks ; it is not laid,  
On any firmer ground ; for when we alone  
Think him to us, the wind blows fair, he's gone.

## HELEN TO PARIS.

Witness **HYRSIPILE**, alike betray'd ;  
Witness with her the bright **Mynoyan** maid :  
Nay then yourself, as you yourself have spoken,  
To fair **OENONE** have your promise broken.  
Since I beheld your face first, my desire  
Hath been, of Trojan **PARIS** to enquire.  
I know you now in every true respect,  
I'll grant you thus much then, say you affect  
Me (whom you term your own) I'll go thus far ;  
Do not the Phrygian mariners prepare  
Their sails and oars, ev'n now whilst we recite  
Exchange of words about the wished night ?  
Say that even now you were prepar'd to climb  
My long-wish'd bed, just at th' appointed time  
The wind should alter, and blow fair for Troy,  
You must break off, in midst of all your joy,  
And leave me in the infancy of pleasure ;  
Amid my riches I shall lose my treasure.  
You will forsake the sweets my bed affords,  
T' exchange for cabins, hatches and pitch'd boards.  
Then what a fickle courtship you commence,  
When, with the first wind, all your love blows hence ?  
But shall I follow you when you are gone,  
And be the grandchild to **LAOMEDON** !  
And **ILLIUM** see, whose beauty you proclaim ?  
I do not so despise the bruit of fame,  
That she to whom I am in debt such thanks,  
Should fill the earth with such adulterate pranks.

## HELEN TO PARIS.

What will ACHÆA, what will Sparta say?  
What will your Troy report, and Asia?  
What my old PRIAM, or his reverend queen?  
What may your sisters, having HELEN seen,  
Or your Dardanian brothers deem of me?  
Will they not blame my loose in chastity?  
Nay, how can you yourself faithful deem me,  
And not amongst the loosest dames esteem me?  
No stranger shall your Asian ports come near,  
But he shall fill your guilty soul with fear.  
How often, angry at some small offence,  
Will you thus say; Adult'ress, get thee hence!  
Forgetting you yourself have been the chief  
In my transgression, tho' not in my grief.  
Consider what it is, forgetful lover,  
To be sin's author, and sin's sharp reprover.  
But ere the least of all these ills betide me,  
I wish the earth may in her bosom hide me.

But I shall all your Phrygian wealth possess,  
And more than your epistle can express:  
Gifts, woven gold, embroidery, rich attire,  
Purple and plate, or what I can desire.  
Yet give me leave, think you all this extends  
To countervail the loss of my chief friends?  
Whose friendship, or whose age shall I employ  
To succour me, when I am wrong'd in Troy?

\* \*

---

HELEN TO PARIS.

---

Or whether can I, having thus misdona,  
Unto my father, or my brothers run ?  
As much as you to me, false JASON swore  
Unto MEDEA, yet from Æson's door  
He after did exile her. Now, poor heart,  
Where is thy father that should take thy part ?  
Old ÆTES or CALCIOPE ? Thou took'st  
No aid from them, whom thou before forsook'st.  
Or say thou didst, (alas ! they cannot hear  
Thy sad complaint) yet I no such thing fear ;  
No more MEDEA did ; good hopes engage  
Themselves so far, they fail in their presage,  
You see the ships that in the main are toss'd,  
And many times by tempests wreck'd and lost,  
Had, at their launching from the haven's mouth,  
A smooth sea, and a calm gale from the south.  
Besides, the brand your mother dreamt she bare.  
The night before your birth, breeds me fresh care.  
It prophesy'd ere many years expire,  
Inflamed Troy must burn with Greekish fire.  
As VENUS favours you, because she gain'd  
A doubtful prize by you ; yet the disdain'd  
And vanquish'd goddesses, disgrac'd so late,  
May bear you hard ; I therefore fear their hate.  
Nor make no question, but if I consort you,  
And for a ravisher our Greece report you ;  
War will be wag'd with Troy, and you shall rue  
The sword (alas !) your conquest shall pursue.

---

HELEN TO PARIS.

---

When **HYPODAMIA**, at her bridal feast,  
Was rudely ravish'd by her Centaur guest ;  
Because the savages the bride durst seize,  
War grew betwixt them and the Lapythes.  
Or think you **MENELAUS** hath no spleen ?  
Or that he hath not power to avenge his teen ?  
Or that old **TYNDARUS** this wrong can smother ?  
Or the two famous twins, each lov'd of other ?

So were your valour and rare deeds you boast,  
And warlike spirits in which you triumph'd most ;  
By which you have attain'd 'mongst soldiers grace,  
None will believe you, that but sees your face.  
Your feature, and fair shape, is fitter far  
For amorous courtships, than remorseless war.  
Let rough-hew'd soldiers warlike dangers prove,  
'Tis pity **PARIS** should do aught save love,  
**HECTOR** (whom you so praise) for you may fight ;  
I'll find you war to skirmish every night,  
Which shall become you better. Were I wise,  
And bold withal, I might obtain the prize :  
In such sweet single combats, hand to hand,  
'Gainst which no woman that is wise will stand.  
My champion I'll encounter breast to breast,  
Tho' I were sure to fall, and be o'erprest.

If that you private conference intreat me,  
I apprehend you, and you cannot cheat me :



---

*THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.*

---

I know the meaning, durst I yield thereto,  
Of what you would confer, what you would do.  
You are too forward, you too far would wade;  
But yet (God knows) your harvest's in the blade.  
My tired pen shall here its labour end,  
A guilty sense in thievish lines I send.  
Speak next when your occasion best persuades,  
By CYMENE and ÆTHRA my two maids.

---

*THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.*

LIVE with me, and be my love,  
And we will all the pleasure prove,  
That hills and vallies, dale and field,  
And all the craggy mountains yield.  
There will we sit upon the rocks,  
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,  
By shallow rivers, by whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigals.  
There will I make thee beds of roses,  
With a thousand fragrant posies;  
A cap of flowers, and a girdle  
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle;  
A gown made of the finest wool,  
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;  
Fair lined slippers for the cold,  
With buckles of the purest gold;

---

*THE NYMPH'S REPLY TO THE SHEPHERD.*

---

A belt of straw and ivy buds,  
With coral clasps, and amber studs.  
And if these pleasures may thee move,  
Then live with me and be my love.  
The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,  
For thy delight each May morning.  
If these delights thy mind may move,  
Then live with me and be my love.

---

*THE NYMPH'S REPLY TO THE SHEPHERD.*


IF that the world and love were young,  
And truth in every shepherd's tongue;  
These pretty pleasures might me move  
To live with thee and be thy love.  
Time drives the flocks from field to fold,  
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold;  
And PHILOMEL becometh dumb,  
And all complain of cares to come.  
The flowers do fade, and wanton fields  
To wayward winter reckoning yield:  
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,  
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.  
Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy bed of roses,  
Thy cap, thy girdle, and thy posies;  
Some break, some wither, some forgotten,  
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

---

**ANOTHER SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.**

---

Thy belt of straw, and ivy buds ;  
Thy coral clasps, and amber studs ;  
All these in me no means can move  
To come to thee, and be thy love.  
But could youth last, and love still breed,  
Had joys no date, and age no need ;  
Then these delights my mind might move  
To live with thee, and be thy love.

**ANOTHER OF THE SAME NATURE.**

COME live with me, and be my dear,  
And we will revel all the year  
In plains and groves, on hills and dales,  
Where fragrant air breathes sweetest gales.  
There shall you have the beauteous pine,  
The cedar, and the spreading vine,  
And all the woods to be a skreen,  
Lest PHÆBUS kiss my summer's queen.  
The feast of your disport shall be,  
Over some river, in a tree ;  
Where silver sands and pebbles sing  
Eternal ditties to the spring.  
There you shall see the nymphs at play,  
And how the satyrs spend the day :  
The fishes gliding on the sands,  
Offering their bellies to your hands ;

---

ANOTHER SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

---

The birds, with heavenly-tuned throats,  
Possess woods echoes with sweet notes ;  
Which to your senses will impart  
A music to inflame the heart.  
Upon the bare and leafless oak,  
The ring-doves wooings will provoke  
A colder blood than you possess,  
To play with me, and do not less.  
In bowers of laurel trimly dight,  
We will outwear the silent night,  
While FLORA busy is to spread  
Her richest treasure on our bed.  
The glow-worms shall on you attend,  
And all their sparkling lights shall spend ;  
All to adorn and beautify  
Your lodging with most majesty :  
Then in my arms will I inclose  
Lilies fair mixture with the rose ;  
Whose nice perfections in love's play,  
Shall tune me to the highest key.  
Thus as we pass the welcome night  
In sportful pleasures and delight,  
The nimble fairies on the grounds  
Shall dance and sing melodious sounds.  
If these may serve for to intice  
Your presence to love's paradise ;  
Then come with me, and be my dear,  
And we will strait begin the year.

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*HELEN AGAIN TO PARIS.*

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*STANZAS.*

TAKE, O! take those lips away,  
That so sweetly were forsworn ;  
And those eyes, the break of day.  
Lights which do mislead the morn.  
But my kisses bring again,  
Seals of love, tho' seal'd in vain,

Hide, O! hide these hills of snow,  
Which thy frozen bosom bears,  
On whose tops the pinks that grow,  
Are of those that April wears.  
But my poor heart first set free,  
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

---

*HELEN TO PARIS.*

LET the bird of lowest lay,  
On the sole Arabian tree,  
Herald sad, and trumpet be,  
To whose sound chaste wings obey,  
But thou, shrieking harbinger,  
Foul procurer of the fiend,  
Augur of the fever's end.  
To this troop come thou not near.  
From this session interdict  
Every fowl of tyrant wing,  
Save the eagle feather'd king.  
Keep the obsequy so strict ;

---

HELEN AGAIN TO PARIS.

---

Let the priest in surplice white,  
That defunctive music ken,  
Be the death-divining swan,  
Lest the requiem lack his right:  
And thou, treble-dated crow,  
That thy sable gender mak'st,  
With the breath thou giv'st and tak'st,  
'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.  
Here the anthem doth commence,  
Love and constancy is dead,  
Phoenix and the turtle fed  
In a mutual flame from hence,  
So they lov'd as love in twain  
Had the essence but in one;  
Two distincts but in none,  
Number there in love was slain:  
Hearts remote, yet not asunder,  
Distance, and no space was seen  
'Twixt the turtle and his queen,  
But in them it were a wonder.  
So between them love did shine,  
That the turtle saw his right  
Flaming in the Phoenix sight,  
Either was the other mine.  
Property was thus appalled,  
That the self was not the same,  
Single natures, double name,  
Neither two nor one was called.

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HELEN AGAIN TO PARIS.

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Reason itself confounded,  
Saw division grow together,  
To themselves yet either neither,  
Simple were so well compounded,  
That it cried how true a twain  
Seemeth this concordant one,  
Love hath reason, reason none,  
If what parts can so remain.  
Whereupon it made this threne  
To the phoenix and the dove,  
Co-supremes and stars of love,  
As Chorus to their tragic scene.

## THRENES.

BEAUTY, truth and rarity,  
Grace in all simplicity,  
Hence inclos'd, in cynders lie :  
Death is now the phoenix nest,  
And the turtle's loyal breast  
To eternity doth rest ;  
Leaving no posterity,  
'Twas not their infirmity,  
It was married chastity.  
Truth may seem, but cannot be ;  
Beauty brag, but 'tis not she :

---

*ROSALINDA.*

---

Truth and beauty buried be.  
To this urn let those repair,  
That are either true or fair;  
For these dead birds sigh a prayer.

---

*ROSALINDA.*

WHY should this a desert be,  
For it is unpeopled? No.  
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,  
That shall civil sayings show.  
Some how brief the life of man  
Runs his erring pilgrimage,  
That the stretching of a span  
Buckles in his sum of age.  
Some of violated vows  
'Twixt the soul of friend and friend,  
But upon the fairest boughs,  
Or at every sentence' end  
Will I *ROSALINDA* write;  
Teaching all that read to know,  
The quintessence of each sprite,  
Heaven would in little show;  
Therefore heaven nature charg'd,  
That one body should be fill'd  
With all graces wide enlarg'd;  
Nature presently distill'd



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**ROSALINDA.**

---

HELEN's cheek, but not her heart,  
CLEOPATRA's majesty ;  
ATALANTA's better part,  
Sad LUCRETIA's modesty.  
Thus ROSALIND of many parts,  
By heavenly synods was devis'd.  
Of many faces, eyes and hearts,  
To have the touches dearest priz'd.  
Heaven would these gifts she should have,  
And I to live and die her slave.

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ILLUSTRATIVE REMARKS;  
INCLUDING  
THE VARIOUS OPINIONS OF  
*SHAKESPEARE'S COMMENTATORS,*  
Interspersed with  
ORIGINAL OBSERVATIONS.

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*POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.*

**SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS** were entered on the Stationers' books by Thomas Thorpe, May 20, 1609, and printed in quarto in the same year. They were, however, written many years before. The general style of these poems, and the numerous passages in them, which remind us of our author's plays, leave not the smallest doubt of their authenticity. As these Sonnets are in 154 stanzas, peculiar passages have been selected, under appropriate heads, which will be more acceptable to readers in general. Also, *THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM*, being likewise of a *miscellaneous* nature, is given in the same manner: this was first published by William Jaggard, in small octavo, with our author's name, in 1599.

P. 1, l. 5. *Nativity once in the main of light.* In the *great body of light.* So the *main of waters.* MALONE.

Ib. l. 8. *His gift confound.* To *confound*, in Shakespeare's age, generally meant to *destroy.* MALONE.

Ib. l. 9. *Time doth transfix the flourish;* i. e. The external decoration. MALONE.

Ib. l. 10. *And delves the parallels in beauty's brow;* i. e. Renders what was before even and smooth, rough and uneven.

Ib. l. 16. *Crush'd and o'er worn.* The old copy reads—*chrusht.* I suspect that our author wrote *frush'd.* STEEVENS. MALONE.

To *frush* is to bruise or batter. MALONE.

P. 2, l. 1. *To age's steepy night.* I once thought that the poet wrote *sleepy night.* But the word *travell'd* shows, I think, that the old copy is right, however incongruous the epithet *steepy* may appear. Were it not for the antithesis, which was certainly intended between *morn* and *night*, we might read—to age's *steepy height.* MALONE.

P. 3, l. 1. *How with this rage.* Shakespeare, I believe, wrote—with *his* rage; i. e. with the rage of mortality.

Ib. l. 8. *Shall time's best jewel from time's chest lie hid?* I once thought Shakespeare might have written—from time's *guest*; but am now convinced that the old reading is right. "Time's best jewel" is the person addressed, who, the author feared, would not be able to escape the devastation of time, but would fall a prey, however beautiful, to the all-subduing power.

The *chest of time* is the repository where he lays up the most rare and curious productions of nature, one of which the poet esteemed his friend. MALONE.

Time's *chest* is the repository into which he is poetically supposed to throw those things which he designs to be forgotten. The thief who evades pursuit may be said with propriety to *lie hid* from justice, or from confinement. STEEVENS.

Ib. l. 9. *Can hold their swift foot.* Read—his swift, &c.

Ib. l. 10. *Spoil on beauty.* The first editions read —of beauty, which is preferable. Others read—or beauty, which is unintelligible. EDITOR.

Ib. l. 19. *And right protection.* Read—perfection.

Ib. l. 23. *Miscall'd simplicity.* *Simplicity* has here the signification of *folly*.

P. 4, l. 2. *On you tend.* An abbreviation of *attend*. So in p. 5, l. 1, and elsewhere. EDITOR.

Ib. l. 5. *And the counterfeit ; i. e. portrait.*

Ib. l. 9. *Foyzen of the year.* *Foyzen*, or *foison* ; i. e. plenty.

This word is yet in common use in the north of England. MALONE.

Ib. l. 11. *The other as your bounty, &c.* The *foison*, or plentiful season ; that is, the autumn is the emblem of your beauty. MALONE.

Ib. l. 19. *The canker-blooms, &c.* The *canker* is the *canker-rose*, or *dog-rose*. MALONE.

Shakespeare had not yet begun to observe the productions of nature with accuracy, or his eyes would have convinced him that the *cynorhadon* is by no means

of as deep a colour as the *rose*. But what has truth of nature to do with Sonnets? STEEVENS.

Ib. l. 23. *But for their virtues only in their show*. Other copies read—*But for their virtue only is their show*.

*For* has here the signification of *Because*. So in Othello :—

“Haply for I am black.” MALONE.

Ib. l. 24. *They live unmov'd*. Read—*unmoov'd*.

Ib. l. 28. *By verse distils your truth*. Thus the old copy, which, Mr. Malone thinks, reads corruptedly. The other editions have it intelligibly—*my verse*, &c.

P. 5, l. 5. *The world-without-end hour*. The tedious hour that seems as if it would never end. MALONE.

Ib. l. 25. *To what you will*. Thus the quarto; the other editions read—*Do what you will*.

There can, I think, be no doubt that *To* was a misprint. MALONE.

P. 6, l. 11. *Since mine at first in character was done*. Read—*Since mind*, &c.

Would that I could read a description of you in the earliest manuscript, that appeared after the first use of letters. That this is the meaning appears clearly from the next line :—

“That I might see what the old world could say.”

Again,—“The wits of former days, &c. MALONE.

This may allude to the ancient custom of inserting real portraits among the ornaments of illuminated manuscripts, with inscriptions under them. STEEVENS.

*Ib.* l. 14. *Or where better they.* Read—*or whe'r;*  
i. e. *whether.* See note, vol. I. p. 13, l. 22.

*Ib.* l. 29. *His tender air.* Read—*tender heir.*

P. 7. l. 10. *To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.* The ancient editors of Shakespeare's works deserve at least the praise of impartiality. If they have occasionally corrupted his noble sentiments, they have likewise depraved his short miserable conceits, as, perhaps, in this instance. I read, (piteous constraint, to read such stuff at all)

———— “this glutton be,

“To eat the world's due *be thy* grave and thee.”

i. e. be at once thyself and thy grave. The letters that form the two words were formerly transposed.  
STEEVENS.

I do not believe there is any corruption in the text. Mankind being daily thinned by the grave, the world could not subsist if the places of those who are taken off by death were not filled by the birth of children. Hence Shakespeare considers the propagation of the species as *the world's due*, as a right to which it is entitled, and which it may demand from every individual. The sentiment in the line before us, it must be owned, is quaintly expressed; but the obscurity arises chiefly, I think, from the awkward collocation of the words, for the sake of rhyme. The meaning seems to be this:—  
*Pity the world which is daily depopulated by the grave, and beget children in order to supply the loss; or, if you do not fulfil this duty, acknowledge, that as a glutton swallows and consumes more than is sufficient for his own support, so you (who by the course of nature must die, and*

by your own remissness are likely to die childless) thus, "living and dying in single blessedness," consume and destroy the world's due, to the desolation of which you will doubly contribute :--1st, by thy death. 2dly, by the dying childless.

Our author's plays, as well as the poems before us, affording a sufficient number of conceits, it is rather hard that he should be answerable for such as can only be obtained through the medium of alteration; that he should be ridiculed not only for what he has, but for what he has not written. MALONE.

The two succeeding stanzas fully corroborate this latter exposition. We are often apt, like the late Mr. Steevens, to condemn what we do not understand. EDITOR.

Ib. l. 14. *A tatter'd weed*; i. e. a torn garment. MALONE.

P. 8, l. 3. *Un-ear'd*; i. e. unploughed. MALONE.

Ib. l. 5. *Or who 'is he so fond*; i. e. foolish. MALONE.

Ib. l. 11 *But if thou live*. This is correct; yet in the former part of the stanza we read--"if now thou not renewest;" a sufficient proof, that grammar, in Shakespeare's time, was willingly sacrificed for the sake of rhyme. EDITOR.

Ib. ib. *Remember not to be*. Read--*Remember'd*. Whose existence posterity will forget. EDITOR.

Ib. l. 15. *Then you yourself*. Read--*than*, &c.

Ib. l. 22. *Who let*. Read--*lets*, which has here its modern signification.

Ib. l. 23. *Which husbandry*, &c. *Husbandry* is ge-

nerally used by Shakespeare for *æconomical prudence*.

**MALONE.**

P. 9, l. 10. *By aught predict*. Thus Dr. Sewell reads; but the old editions have it—*By oft predict*, which Mr. Malone thinks right.

The old reading may be the true one.—*By oft predict*, may mean—By what is most frequently prognosticated. **STEEVENS.**

Ib. l. 12. *And constant stars, &c.* Read—And (constant stars) in them, &c.

Ib. l. 14. *If from thyself, to store thou would'st convert*; i. e. If thou would'st change thy single state and beget a numerous progeny. **MALONE.**

Ib. l. 24. *And wear the brave, &c.* Read—their brave, &c.

P. 10, l. 10. *Bear you living flowers*. The first edition reads, by an apparent error of the press—*your living flowers*. **MALONE.**

Ib. l. 11. *Painted counterfeit*. A counterfeit formerly signified a portrait. **MALONE.**

Ib. l. 12. *The lines of life*. This appears to me obscure. Perhaps the poet wrote—the *lives* of life; i. e. children. **MALONE.**

The lines of life, perhaps, are *living features*, **ANONYMOUS.**

This explanation is very plausible. Shakespeare has again used *line*, with a reference to painting, in “All's well that ends well.”

“And every *line* and trick of his sweet favor.”

**MALONE.**



Ib. l. 13. *My pupil pen.* This expression may be considered as a slight proof that the poems before us were our author's earliest compositions. STEVENS.

Ib. l. 16. *To give away yourself, keeps yourself still.* To produce likenesses of yourself, (i. e. children) will be the means of preserving your memory. MALONE.

Ib. l. 19. *Where fill'd.* Read—*were fill'd.*

P. 11, l. 12 and 13. *And having climb'd, &c.* Perhaps our author had the Sacred Writings in his thoughts. "In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun, which cometh forth as a bridegroom out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a giant to run his course. It goeth forth from the uttermost part of the heaven, and runneth about to the end of it again, and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof." MALONE.

Ib. l. 16. *Weary care.* Read—*weary car.*

Ib. l. 18. *'Force duteous.* Read—*'fore duteous.*

Ib. l. 19. *Low track.* Read—*tract.*

P. 12, l. 14. *Which used lives th' executor to be.* Read—

*Which, us'd, lives thy executor to be.*

Ib. l. 15. *Those hours, &c.* *Hours* is almost always used by Shakespeare as a dissyllable. MALONE.

Ib. l. 17. *Very fame.* Read—*very same.*

Ib. l. 18. *And that unfair, which fairly doth excel.* And render that which was once beautiful no longer fair. To *unfair*, I believe, is a verb of our author's coinage. MALONE.

Ib. l. 22. *Barrenness every where.* The quarto edition, 1609, reads—*bareness.*

P. 13, l. 3. *Ragged hand.* *Ragged* was often used as an approbrious term in the time of our author. MALONE.

Ib. l. 7. *That use, &c.* *Use* here signifies *usance*. MALONE.

Ib. l. 18. *Music to hear; i. e. Thou, whom to hear, is music, Why, &c.*

I have sometimes thought Shakespeare might have written—*Music to ear; i. e. Thou, whose very accent is music to the ear.* MALONE.

The repetition of the verb *hear* :—

“*Why hear'st thou music sadly?*”

is a sufficient proof that Shakespeare wrote—*music to hear; particularly as the succeeding line abounds (poetically) in repetitions :—*

“*Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.*”

EDITOR.

Ib. l. 24 and 25. *They do but sweetly chide thee &c.* These melodious sounds seemingly reproach thee, who, being single, art offended with that harmony resulting from unions, (each string being husband to another) which invite thee to marriage. *Confounds* is here, *disagrees with.* EDITOR.

P. 14, l. 3. *Resembling fire, &c.* Read—*Resembling sire, &c.*

Ib. l. 10. *Like a makeless wife.* As a widow bewails her lost husband. *Make* and *mate* were formerly synonymous. MALONE.

Ib. l. 18. *The us'rer.* Read—*user.*

P. 15, l. 17. *For store; i. e. to be preserved for use.* MALONE.

Ib. l. 19. *She gave the more.* Read—she gave *thee* more; this being evidently a misprint in the old copy.

On a survey of mankind, you will find, that nature, however liberal she may have been to others, has been still more bountiful to you. MALONE.

Ib. l. 26. *Are silver'd o'er with white.* This is an emendation by Mr. Tyrwhitt. Other copies read—*All silver'd*, &c. and the old copy—*Or silver'd*, &c. which was certainly a misprint.

P. 16, l. 10. *Save breed*, &c. Except children, whose youth may set the scythe of time at defiance, and render thy own death less painful. MALONE.

Ib. l. 22. *Smoothing tongue.* Other copies read—*soothing* tongue. This sonnet is among Shakespeare's sonnets, with some variations; but was printed in the "*Passionate Pilgrim*" in the manner we have given it.

P. 17, l. 3. *Do suggest me still*; i. e. do tempt me still. MALONE.

Ib. l. 7. *Fair pride.* Thus it is in the "*Passionate Pilgrim*." In the Sonnet—*foul* pride.

Ib. l. 9 and 10. *My better*, &c. *My worser*, &c. Other copies read—*The better*, &c. *The worser*, &c.

Ib. l. 10. *Friend.* Read—*fiend*.

Ib. l. 12. *For being both to me.* In the Sonnets we read—*But* being both *from* me, &c. and in l. 14, instead of—*The truth I shall not know*,—we read more poetically—*Yet this shall I ne'er know*, &c.

P. 18, l. 2 and 3. *That on this earth doth shine*, &c. Thus the "*Passionate Pilgrim*." The following is the reading in "*Love's Labour's Lost*:"

——— “Which on my earth dost shine,  
“Exhal’st,” &c.

Ib. l. 12. *Making a compliment.* Read—*couplement*; i. e. Union.

Ib. l. 14. *First-borne.* Read—*first-born.*

Ib. l. 15. *In this huge rondure hems.* *Rondure* is a round. *Rondeur*, Fr.

Ib. l. 19. *As those gold candles fix’d in heaven’s air ;*  
i. e. the stars.

P. 19, l. 2 and 3. *As an unperfect actor, &c.* From the introductory lines of this Sonnet it may be conjectured, that these poems were not composed till our author had arrived in London, and became conversant with the stage. He had, perhaps, himself experienced what he here describes. MALONE.

It is highly probable that our author had seen plays represented before he left his own country, by the servants of Lord Warwick. Most of our ancient noblemen had some company of comedians, who enrolled themselves among their vassals, and sheltered themselves under their protection. STEEVENS.

The seeing a few plays exhibited by a company of strollers in a barn at Stratford, or in Warwick castle, would not, however, have made Shakespeare acquainted with the feelings of a timid actor on the stage. It has never been supposed that our author was himself a player till he came to London. Whether the lines before us were founded on experience, or observation, cannot now be ascertained. What I have advanced is merely conjectural. MALONE.

Ib. l. 5. *Whose strength abundant.* Other copies read—*Whose strength's abundance, &c.*

Ib. l. 6. *Forgot.* Read—*forget.*

Ib. l. 10. *O! let my looks, &c.* The old copy reads—*my books*; the above being an emendation by an anonymous correspondent.

The context, I think, shews that the old copy is right. The poet finding that he could not sufficiently collect his thoughts to express his esteem by *speech*, requests that his writings may speak for him. So afterwards:—

“O learn to read what silent love hath writ!”

Had *looks* been the author's word, he hardly would have used it again in the next line but one. MALONE.

Ib. l. 15. *To hear what eyes belong, &c.* Read—*To hear with eyes belongs, &c.*

Ib. l. 19, *Time's sorrow I behold.* Other copies read—*time's furrows, &c.* The above is an emendation by Dr. Sewell.

Ib. l. 20. *My days should expiate.* I do not comprehend how the poet's days were to be *expiated* by death. Perhaps he wrote:—

——— “My days should *expire*”

i. e. bring them to an end. I am sure I have met with the verb, I would supply, though I have no example of it to offer in support of my conjecture. Shakespeare, however, delights to introduce words with this termination. Thus we meet with—*festinate* and *conspire* in “King Lear;” *combinate* in “Measure for Measure;” and *ruinate* in “King Henry VI.” STREVEN.

The old reading is certainly right. Then do I expect, says Shakespeare, that death *should fill up the measure* of my days. The word *expiate* is used nearly in the same sense in the tragedy of "Lochrine," 1595:

"Lives Sabren yet to expiate my wrath;"

i. e. *fully to satisfy* my wrath.

Again, in our author's "King Richard :"—

"Make haste, the hour of death is *expiate*."

MALONE.

P. 20, l. 1. *So weary*. Read—*so wary*.

P. 21, l. 19. *Hast thou the master, mistress of my passion*. Read—Hast thou, the master-mistress, &c.

It is impossible to read this fulsome panegyric, addressed to a male object, without an equal mixture of disgust and indignation. STEEVENS.

Some part of this indignation might, perhaps, have been abated, if it had been considered that such addresses to men, however indelicate, were customary in our author's time, and neither imported criminality, nor were esteemed indecorous. To regulate our judgment of Shakespeare's poems by the modes of modern times, is surely as unreasonable as to try his plays by the rules of Aristotle.

*Master-mistress* does not, perhaps, mean *man-mistress*, but *sovereign-mistress*. MALONE.

Ib. l. 24. *A man in hue all hue*, &c. Read—all hues.

This line is thus exhibited in the old copy :—

"A man in *hew* all *hews* in his controlling."

*Hews* was the old mode of spelling *hues* (colours). and also *Hughes*, the proper name. MALONE.

P. 22, l. 5. *But since she prick'd thee out, &c.* To prick is to nominate by a puncture or mark. STEEVENS.

Ib. l. 12. *Far from where I abide.* This reading Mr. Malone thinks better than the old reading, which is—*from far where I abide.*

The old reading is, however, sense. For then my thoughts setting out from my place of residence, is far distant from thee, instead &c. MALONE.

Ib. l. 17. *Presents their shadow, &c.* Thus the quarto corruptly. Read—*thy shadow.*

P. 23, l. 2. *Do in consent, &c.* Read—*concent.*

Ib. l. 7. *Swart-complexion'd night.* Swart is dark, approaching to black. The word is common in the North of England. MALONE.

Swart, or *swarth*, is a common word every where, and may be found in any English Dictionary. EDITOR.

Ib. l. 8. *When sparkling stars tweer out, &c.* Read—*When sparkling stars twire not, &c.* This being unfortunately copied from one of the most incorrect of all the modern editions.

Perhaps we should read—*When sparkling stars twirl not.* MALONE.

Twire may, perhaps, have the same signification as quire. The poet's meaning will then amount to this:—*When the sparkling stars sing not in concert, (as when they all appear, he supposes them to do) thou mak'st the evening bright and cheerful.* Still, however, twire may be a corruption. If it is, we may read—*twink for twinkling.* STEEVENS.

*Twinkling* is certainly a more applicable expression

for stars than *singing*; and agrees much better with the epithet *sparkling*. EDITOR.

Ib. l. 9 and 10. *But day, &c. And night, &c.* An anonymous correspondent proposes to make the two concluding words of this couplet change places. But, I believe, the old copy to be right. Stronger cannot well apply to *drawn out*, or *protracted* sorrow. The poet, in the first line, seems to allude to the operation of spinning. The day, at each return, draws out my sorrow to an immeasurable length; and every revolving night renders my protracted grief still more intense and painful. MALONE.

Ib. l. 23. *To sing at heaven's gate.* Read—*sings hymns* at heaven's gate: the above being copied from an erroneous edition.

These nervous and animated lines, in which such an assemblage of thoughts, clothed in the most glowing expressions, is compressed into the narrow compass of fourteen lines, might, I think, have saved the whole of this collection (i. e. Sonnets) from the general and indiscriminate censure thrown out against them. See Note, p. 7, l. 10. MALONE.

P. 24, l. 3. *Edge for shade.* Read—*hedge* for shade.

P. 25, l. 5 and 6. *Flaming—out-burning.* All the other copies read—*flameth—out-burneth*, which is certainly not rhyme for *framing—burning*. EDITOR.

Ib. l. 17. *Dateless night.* Shakespeare generally uses the word *dateless* for *endless*; having no certain time of expiration. MALONE.



Ib. l. 19. *Vanish'd sight.* *Sight* seems to be here used for *sigh*, by the same licence which Shakespeare has already employed, in *Tarquin and Lucrece*, writing *hild* instead of *held*, *than* instead of *then*, &c.

The substantive *sigh* was, in our author's time, pronounced hard: at present the vulgar pronunciation of the word is *sighth*. The poet has just said, that he "*Sigh'd the lack of many a thing he sought.*" By the word *expeuce* Shakespeare alludes to an old notion, that sighing was prejudicial to health. MALONE.

I suppose, by the *expeuce of many a vanish'd sight*, the poet means the *loss of many an object*, which being "*gone hence is no more seen.*" STEVENS.

P. 26, l. 5. *Obsequious tear.* *Obsequious* is *funereal*. MALONE.

Ib. l. 18. *Thy deceased lover.* The numerous expressions of this kind, in these Sonnets, as well as the general tenour of the greater part of them, cannot but appear strange to a modern reader. In justice, therefore, to our author, it is proper to observe, that such addresses to men were common in Shakespeare's time, and were not thought indecorous. MALONE.

*Friendship* was formerly known by the name of *love*, and a *friend* was called a *lover*. We have instances of this in the Sacred Writings, particularly Jonathan's *love* for David, &c. EDITOR.

Ib. l. 21. *Reserve them for my love.* *Reserve* is the same as *preserve*. MALONE.

Ib. l. 24. *Had my friend's muse, &c.* We may hence, as well as from other circumstances, infer, that these were among our author's earliest productions. MALONE.

Ib. l. 25. *Bought.* Read—*brought.*

Ib. l. 28. *There style.* Read—*their style.*

P. 27, l. 15. *Poets fain*—for *feign*; probably so pronounced and spelt in Shakespeare's time. EDITOR.

Ib. l. 17. *Fair was the morn, &c.* There was a line between this and—*Paler for sorrow, &c.* which is lost, and which, of course, contained a rhyme for *wild.*

P. 29, l. 8. *Who time and thoughts so sweetly dost deceive.* The old copy reads—*Which time and thoughts so sweetly dost deceive.*

Mr. Malone substitutes *doth* in the place of *dost*, and gives the following explanation:—Which, viz. *enter-taining the time with thoughts of love*, *doth* so agreeably beguile the tediousness of absence, from those we love, and the melancholy which that absence occasions.

*Thought*, in ancient language, meant melancholy.  
MALONE.

Mr. Malone's emendation is certainly preferable to that of a modern edition, which we have copied, and which renders the pronoun personal, (*who*) for the sake of corresponding with *dost*. EDITOR.

Ib. l. 13. *Know love, &c.* Read—*No love, &c.*

Ib. l. 16. *For my love thou usest.* *For* has here the signification of because. MALONE.

Ib. l. 17. *If thou thyself deceivest.* The quarto reads—*If thou this self deceivest*, It is evidently corrupt. MALONE.

We should read *deceive*, according to grammar, which is violated for the sake of rhyme; but both rhyme and grammar might be preserved by reading throughout *you* instead of *thou*, *yourself* instead of *thy-*

*self, your instead of thine*; and, I think, sonnets having little claim to sublimity, this reading may, with propriety be adopted. EDITOR.

P. 30, l. 5. *And lace itself*; i. e. embellish itself.

MALONE.

Ib. l. 7. *Dead seeing*. Dr. Farmer would read—*seeing*. MALONE.

Ib. l. 16. *This is his cheek*. Read—*Thus is his cheek*.

Ib. l. 18. *Signs of fair*. *Fair* was formerly used as a substantive for *beauty*. MALONE.

Ib. l. 20. *Golden tresses*. In our author's time, the false hair usually worn, perhaps in compliment to the Queen, was of a sandy colour. Hence the epithet *golden*. MALONE.

Ib. l. 25. *Without all ornament, itself and true*. Surely we ought to read—*himself* and true. In him the primitive simplicity of ancient times may be observed; in him, who scorns all adscititious ornaments, who appears in his native genuine state, (*himself* and true) &c. MALONE.

P. 31, l. 5. *Give thee thy due*. Read—*that due*.

The quarto has—*that end*. For the present emendation (which the rhyme requires) the reader is indebted to Mr. Tyrwhitt. The letters that compose the word *due* were probably transposed at the press, and the *u* inverted. MALONE.

Ib. l. 7. *Their outward, &c.* Thus the quarto.—We should read—*Thine outward, &c.*

Ib. l. 13. *Then their churl thoughts (altho' their eyes were kind.)* Other copies read:—

"Then (churls) their thoughts, altho' their eyes were kind."

Ib. l. 16. *The toil is this.* Thus the modern editions, which is unintelligible. The quarto reads—*solve*; i. e. *Solution*, which Mr. Malone has adopted, though he says he has not met with the word in any author: however, as Shakespeare has formed substantives of verbs, I make no doubt but *solve* was the word he intended. EDITOR.

I believe we should read—*The sole is this*; i. e. here the *only* explanation lies—this is *all*. STEEVENS.

Ib. l. 18 and 20. *Pretty wrongs that liberty commit — well befit.* Other copies read—*commits---befits*. The latter is a false concord (*wrongs befits*.) According to the above, *commit* may be considered as the potential mood, (may *commit*.) Surely we ought to read—*pretty*, and not *pretty wrongs*. EDITOR.

P. 32, l. 2. *Till he have prevailed.* Thus the quarto. But the lady, and not the man, being in this case supposed the wooer, the poet, without doubt, wrote:—

———— "Till *she* have prevailed."

The emendation was proposed by Mr. Tyrwhitt. MALONE.

Ib. l. 3. *Thou might'st my seat forbear.* Thus the old copy; as the context proves it to be a corruption, it is thus corrected by Mr. Malone:—

—— "But yet, thou might'st, my *sweet*, forbear."

Ib. l. 17. *If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain.* If I lose thee, my mistress gains by my loss. MALONE.

P. 33, l. 2 and 5. *Venus with Adonis*. Thus the old copy. The defect of the metre (as remarked by Dr. Farmer) shows that a word was omitted by the press, which is thus supplied by Mr. Malone :—

“ Fair Venus with Adonis,” &c.

The metre is equally defective in the fourth line, it being double rhyme.

“ And as he fell to her, she fell to him.”

This is not rhyme for *woo him*, because the accent falls upon *him*, instead of *to*. We should, therefore, read :—

“ And as he fell to her, *now* she fell to him.”

EDITOR.

Ib. l. 7. *She clipt, or clipp'd*; i. e. embraced. So in the last line of the stanza :—

“ To kiss and clip me,” &c. EDITOR.

Ib. l. 9. *Should use like loving charms*. Should take such fond liberties; or else *loving* is substituted for lovely. EDITOR.

P. 34, l. 3. *Age I do defy thee*. I despise or reject thee. MALONE.

Ib. l. 13. *As faded gloss no rubbing will refresh*. This line is founded on a wrong position. Every one knows, that a gloss or polish on all works of art, may be restored, and that rubbing is the means of restoring it. STEEVENS.

Shakespeare, I believe, alludes to faded silk, of which, the colour, when once faded, cannot be restored but by a second dying.

A copy of this poem, said to be printed from an an-

cient MS. and published in the Gentleman's Magazine, vol. xxix. p. 39, reads:—

“As faded gloss no rubbing will *excite*.”

And in the corresponding line,—

“As broken glass no cement can *unite*.” MALONE.

I think, as *refresh* and *redress* is most miserable rhyme we should read in their stead—*excite* and *unite*; and certainly, with respect to *broken* glass, *unite* is more significant. EDITOR.

Ib. l. 22. *To limits, &c.* Read—*From limits, &c.*

P. 35, l. 3. *Jump both sea and land.* *Jump* has here its common signification. In Shakespeare it often signifies to *hazard*.

Ib. l. 7. *So much of earth and water wrought*; i. e. being so thoroughly compounded of these two ponderous elements. STEEVENS.

Ib. l. 18. *Opprest with melancholy.* *Melancholy* must be pronounced here as a trisyllable (*melanch'ly*.) EDITOR.

Ib. l. 21. *But know.* Read—*but now.*

Ib. l. 22. *Of their, &c.* Read—*Of thy, &c.*

P. 36, l. 2. *Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely pluck'd, soon faded.* This seems to have been intended for a dirge, to be sung by Venus on the death of Adonis. MALONE.

The verb *fade*, throughout these little fragments, &c. is always spelt *vaded*, either in compliance with ancient pronunciation, or in consequence of a primitive, which, perhaps, modern lexicographers may feel some reluctance to acknowledge. They tell us that we owe this word to the French, *fade*; but I see no reason why

we may not as well impute its origin to the Latin, *vado*, which equally serves to indicate departure, motion, and evanescence. STEEVENS.

Ib. l. 20. *With ugly rack, &c.* *Rack* is the fleeting motion of the clouds. MALONE.

Ib. l. 22. *Stealing unseen to west, &c.* The article *the* may have been omitted through necessity; yet, I believe, our author wrote—to *rest*. STEEVENS.

I have often seen, especially in ancient poems, the article *the* contracted before a consonant, particularly when a vowel precedes it, (to *th'* west;) there was, therefore, no necessity for omitting it. EDITOR.

P. 37, l. 4. *The region cloud*; i. e. the clouds of this region or country. STEEVENS.

Ib. l. 5. *No wit, &c.* Read—no *whit*, &c.

Ib. l. 6. *May stain.* *Stain* is here used as a verb neuter. MALONE.

P. 38, l. 2. *Authorizing, &c.* The accent must be on the second syllable, (authórizing.) EDITOR.

Ib. l. 3. *Thy amiss*; i. e. thy misbehaviour. MALONE.

Ib. l. 4. *Excusing their sins more than their sins are.* Thus the old copy; modern editions have it:—

“Excusing *thy* sins more than *thy* sins are.”

The latter words of this line, which ever reading we adopt, are not very intelligible. MALONE.

*Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are*, I believe, means only this—*Making the excuse more than proportioned to the offence.* STEEVENS.

Ib. l. 5. *For to my sensual fault I bring incense.* Read—*For to thy sensual fault, &c.*

The quarto reads :—

“ For to thy sensual fault I bring in *sense*.”

The line appears to me unintelligible. Might we read,—

————— “ I bring *incense*.”

A jingle was evidently intended ; but if this word was occasionally accented on the last syllable, (as, perhaps, it might formerly have been) it would afford it, as well as the reading of the old copy, (in *sense*.) Many words that are now accented on an early syllable, had formerly their accent on one more remote. MALONE.

I believe the old reading to be the true one. The passage, divested of its jingle, seems designed to express this meaning :—*Towards thy exculpation I bring in the aid of my soundest faculties, my keenest perception, my utmost strength of reason, my SENSE.*

I think I can venture to affirm, that no English writer, either ancient or modern, serious or burlesque, ever accented the substantive *incense* on the last syllable. STEEVENS.

Ib. l. 10. *Which sorely.* Read—*Which sourly.*

Ib. l. 17. *A separable spite.* A cruel fate, that spitefully separates us from each other. *Separable* for *separating*. MALONE.

Ib. l. 18. *Soul effect.* Read—*sole effect.*

P. 39, l. 3. *Dearest spite.* *Dearest* is most operative. MALONE.

Ib. l. 7. *Intitled in their part.* Read—*thy parts* ; *their* is an error in the old copy, and the singular for the plural, an error of a modern edition. EDITOR.

*Entitled* means, I think, *ennobled*. MALONE.



Ib. l. 16. *Neither by my share.* Read—*neither be my share.*

Ib. l. 18. *And daft; or daff'd.*

To *daft*, or *doft*, is to put off. MALONE.

Ib. l. 24 and 25. *It may*, &c. Read, according to the old copy—*'t may*, &c.

P. 40, l. 1 and 2. *Wander (a word) for shadows*, &c. *And take*, &c. Thus a modern erroneous edition. Read—*wander*, a word for, &c. *As take*, &c.

Ib. l. 4. *My heart doth charge the watch.* The meaning of this phrase is not very clear. Perhaps the poet, wishing for the approach of morning, enjoins the watch to hasten through their nocturnal duty. MALONE.

I cannot suppose that Shakespeare could entertain such an idle notion as suggested by Mr. Malone: the meaning of the phrase, as it appears to me, is—*My heart doth enjoin vigilance.* I “play the watchman,” says he, in another sonnet. See p. 54, l. 23 and 24. EDITOR.

Ib. l. 10. *Dark dreaming night.* Read—*dark dismal-dreaming night.*

Ib. l. 13. *And solace mixt with sorrow.* Dele *and.*

Ib. l. 17. *Each minute seems an hour.* Thus the old copy. The want of rhyme to the corresponding line shews that it must be corrupt. MALONE.

Mr. Steevens proposes to read :—

————— “Each minute seems a moon;”

i. e. a month, in order to agree with,

————— “The night would post too soon.”

Which emendation is adopted by Mr. Malone in his edition of Shakespeare. Making, however, *one minute a month*, when only *minutes* are added to the *hours*, is, I think, *exceeding* the poet's intention. I am certain, from the preceding line, the old copy is as Shakespeare wrote it; who, as it was the *third* line, seems to have disregarded the rhyme. See p. 42, l. 1 and 3.

If, however, rhyme be insisted upon, instead of altering the *sense* of our poet, I think it would be much better to transpose his *own* words, viz.

Were I with her, too soon would post the night,  
But now are minutes added to the hours;  
Me now, each minute seems an hour, to spite;  
Yet not for me, shine sun to succour flow'rs.

EDITOR.

P. 41, l. 3. *In table of my heart.* A *table* was the ancient term for a picture. MALONE.

Ib. l. 4. *My body is the same.* Read—My body is the *frame*.

P. 42, l. 1 and 3. *Famoused for worth, &c.* Thus the old copy, which (says Mr. Malone) not rhyming with the concluding word of the corresponding line (quite), either one or the other must be corrupt. Mr. Theobald suggested to read *fight* instead of *worth*, or *forth* instead of *quite*, which former Mr. Malone has adopted. I dare say Shakespeare disregarded rhyme here as before, these being the *first* and *third* lines; and it being often deemed sufficient for only the *second* and *fourth* to chime. EDITOR.

This stanza is not worth the labour which has been

bestowed upon it. By transposition, however, the rhyme may be recovered without further change.

The painful warrior for worth *famoused*,  
After a thousand victories, once foil'd,  
Is from the book of honor quite *razed*, &c.

STEEVENS.

Why it should not be worth while to correct this, as well as any other manifest corruption in our author's works, I confess I do not comprehend: neither much labour, nor many words, have been employed upon it. MALONE.

Though, for reasons before given, I cannot think the want of rhyme here any *manifest corruption*; yet the rhyme proposed by transposition, is as bad as any that can be found in all Shakespeare's poems which the same gentleman has censured: it is, indeed, as bad as *aspect* and *respect* in the following sonnet. EDITOR.

Ib. l. 19. *Of their sweet respect*. Thus the old copy. It is evidently a misprint. Read, therefore—*Of thy sweet respect*.

The same mistake has several times happened in these sonnets, owing, probably, to abbreviations having been formerly used for the words *their* and *thy*, so nearly resembling each other as not to be easily distinguished. MALONE.

From such palpable errors, I am inclined to think, that authors formerly depended upon their publishers for correcting the press, instead of performing that necessary duty themselves. EDITOR.

P. 43, l. 3. *When that I seek my weary travel's end*. Read—

“When what I seek—my weary travel’s end—.”

Ib. l. 7. *Plods dully on*. The quarto reads—*Plods dully on*. The context supports the reading which Mr. Malone has substituted.

Ib. l. 26. *Shall neigh no dull flesh in his fiery race*. The expression is here so uncouth, that I strongly suspect this line to be corrupt. Perhaps we should read—

“Shall neigh to dull flesh, in his fiery race.”

Desire, in the ardour of impatience, shall neigh to the sluggish animal, (the horse) to proceed with swifter motion. MALONE.

Perhaps this passage is only obscured by the awkward situation of the words *no dull flesh*. The sense may be this:—“Therefore desire, being no dull piece of horse-flesh, but composed of the most perfect love, shall neigh as he proceeds in his hot career.” STEEVENS.

P. 44, l. 6 and 11. *Their picture’s sight &c. Their fair appearance, &c.* Thus the old copy. Read—*thy picture’s sight, &c.—thy fair appearance, &c.*

Ib. l. 12. *To ’cide*; i. e. decide. The old copy reads—*side*. MALONE.

Ib. l. 13. *A quest of thoughts*. An inquest or jury. MALONE.

Ib. l. 15. *The clear eye’s moiety*. Moiety, in ancient language, signifies any portion of a thing, though the whole may not be equally divided. MALONE.

Ib. l. 16 and 17. *Their outward part—their inward love, &c.* Thus the quarto. Read—*thine outward, &c. thine inward, &c.*

In this sonnet this mistake has happened four times.

MALONE.

Ib. l. 23. *Bids my heart*; i. e. invites my heart.

MALONE.

P. 45, l. 1. *So either by the picture of my love*. Thus the modern editions. Read—

“So either by *thy* picture, or my love.”

Ib. l. 2. *Thyself away, are present still with me*. Are instead of art, according to the old copy.

*Thyself, though away, art present, &c.* MALONE.

Ib. l. 10. *It might be unused, &c.* Read—it might unused, &c.

Ib. l. 15. *Are left, &c.* Read—art left

P. 46, l. 4. *Whenas thy love, &c.* *When as*, in ancient language, was synonymous to *when*. MALONE.

Ib. l. 5. *Call'd to that and it, &c.* Read—Call'd to that audit, &c.

Ib. l. 10. *Do I insconce me here*; i. e. I fortify myself. A *sconce* was a species of fortification. MALONE.

Ib. l. 13. *On my part*. Read—on *thy* part.

P. 48, l. 2. *'Gain passage find*. Thus an erroneous modern edition; but read—*'gan passage find*—began to find passage. This sonnet was printed in a collection of verses, entitled “*England's Helicon*,” in 1600; and we also find it in “*Love's Labour's Lost*.”

Ib. l. 7. *My hand hath sworn*. In “*Love's Labour's Lost*” this line is printed with a slight variation:—

————— “*My hand is sworn*.” MALONE.

Ib. l. 8. *From thy throne*. Read—from *thy thorn*.

Ib. l. 11. *Thou, for whom ev'n Jove would swear*.

Other copies read—Thou, for whom Jove would swear ; and Mr. Malone says *swear* is used here as a dissyllable ; but it is more probable that a word was omitted. Previous to this line is the following additional couplet in *Love's Labour's Lost* :”—

“ Do not call it sin in me,

“ That I am forsworn for thee.” EDITOR.

Ib. l. 18 and 19. *Love is dying--Hearts denying*, &c. Other copies read—

*Love's denying*, &c. i. e. A denial of love, a breach of faith, &c. being the cause of all these misfortunes.

Heart's *renying*. *Renying* is from the French, *renier*, to forswear. MALONE.

Ib. l. 19. *Causer of this*. Read—'cause of this ; i. e. *Because of this*. STEEVENS.

The old copy is right. The word *causer* is again used by Shakespeare in “ *Love's Labour's Lost* :”—

“ And study too, the *causer* of your vows.” MALONE.

The reason, I presume, that Mr. Steevens wish'd to alter this word, is on account of the *singular number* being expressed by *causer*, whereas there are many reasons given for *all being amiss* ; we might, therefore, read *causers*, or rather *causes* of this. But why, I wonder, did Mr. Steevens propose the abbreviation of *because*, when the metre would admit of the *whole word* ? EDITOR.

Ib. l. 20. *All my merry jigs*, &c. A *jig* was a metrical composition. MALONE.

P. 49, l. 6. *Love hath forlorn me*. As the metre, as well as the rhyme, in this passage, is defective, I suspect some corruption, and would read—

"Love forlorn I ;"

i. e. I love-forlorn; i. e. deserted, forsaken. **STEEVENS.**

All the copies agree in the reading of the text. The metre is the same as in the corresponding line:—

"O! cruel speeding."

To the exactness of rhyme the author appears to have paid little attention. We have just had *dame* and *remain*. **MALONE.**

The poets of Shakespeare's age were by no means exact with respect to rhyme, having then no hypercritics to encounter: but how comes it, that modern poets, for whom there can be no excuse, are equally defective? In the prologue to "*Raising the Wind*" we have *becalm'd* and *charm'd* for rhyme: is not this as bad as *mourn I* and *forlorn me*; *oft* and *naught*; *dame* and *remain*? **EDITOR.**

Ib. l. 9. *Sound no dell.* Read—no *deal*; i. e. in no degree, more or less. **STEEVENS.**

Ib. l. 13. *With sighs so deep.* Weelkes's copy reads—*My sighs*, &c. which Mr. Malone conjectures to be right.

Ib. *ib.* *Procures to weep.* If we read—*My sighs*, &c. we must also read *Procure*.

After the word *Procure*, *him* or *the dog* must be understood. **MALONE.**

If we read—*With sighs*, &c. the meaning must be this.—*My curtail dog*, &c. with *deep anguish finds way* to weep in howling, &c. and if we read *procure*, according to some copies, then it means,—*I*, with *deep sighs*, *bring my dog to weep*, &c. **EDITOR.**

Ib. l. 15. *Thro' heartless ground.* Thus the old editions. Weelkes's copy reads—*harkless ground.*

If *heartless ground* be the true reading, it means, I think, uncultivated, desolated ground, corresponding in its appearance with the unhappy state of its owner. An hypercritic will, perhaps, ask how can the ground be *harkless*, if sighs *resound*? The answer is, that no other noise is heard but that of sighs: "The birds do not sing, the bells ring not," &c. MALONE.

Ib. l. 18. *Bring not forth their dye.* This is an error of an erroneous modern edition. Read—

—— "Bring not forth: *they die.*"

Instead of this line, Weelkes's copy substitutes another (and better) line, which is alluded to in the preceding note, viz.

"Loud bells ring not cheerfully." EDITOR.

Ib. l. 20. *Nymphs black peeping.* Read—*back peeping.*

Weelkes's copy reads with greater propriety—*back creeping.* EDITOR.

P. 50, l. 1. *Farewell sweet love.* Weelkes's copy reads—*sweet lass*, which constitutes rhyme for—*was.*

Ib. l. 2. *For a sweet content, of all my woe the cause.* Other copies read—

"For a sweet content, the cause of all my woe."

The transposition has been made in order to render rhyme for *was.* The copy printed in "England's Helicon" has it—

—— "The cause of all my *moan.*"

Which makes it agree with the last line, and renders it uniform with the preceding stanzas, viz.



" Farewell, sweet *lass*,  
 " Thy like ne'er was,  
 " For a sweet content the cause of all my *mean*;  
 " Poor Coridon  
 " Mast live alone, •  
 Other help from him, I see, there is none."

EDITOR.

Ib. l. 9. *As well as fancy (partly all might.)* Thus a modern edition. The old copy reads :—

" As well as fancy *partial* might."

Mr. Steevens proposed to read, (for the sake of rhyme)

———— " Partial *tike*,"

A term of contempt, he observed, employed by Shakespeare, and our old writers. Mr. Malone has seen a manuscript copy of this poem, of the age of Shakespeare, in the possession of Samuel Lysons, Esq. which has—partial tike, and which, he thinks, adds such support to Mr. Steevens's conjecture, that he has, in his edition, adopted that gentleman's proposed reading.

Instead of adopting an obsolete term, I would have preferred—partial *like*—alike partial; or, should this have been deemed incomprehensible, have retained—partial *might*, and rendered the preceding line :—

" And stall'd the deer that thou would'st *smite*."

EDITOR.

*Fancy* here means *love*. MALONE.

Ib. l. 13. *With filed talk.* With studied or polished language. MALONE.

Ib. l. 17. *And set a person.* Read—*thy* person. The old copy has it—*her* person.

Ib. *ib.* *Forth to sale.* Mr. Steevens conjectured, that *sell* was the author's word, and such was the reading of the MS. in the possession of Samuel Lysons, Esq. MALONE.

Ib. l. 23. *That which with scorn, &c.* Other copies read—*That with such scorn, &c.*

P. 51, l. 2. *And ban ; i. e. curse.* MALONE.

Ib. l. 7. *And to her will, &c.* This and the following stanza very properly precede the two stanzas which here go before them, in the MS. already mentioned, according to Mr. Malone's information.

Ib. l. 16. *Please never, &c.* Other copies read—*Seek never, &c.*

Ib. l. 18. *Put it back.* Read—*put thee back.*

P. 52, l. 1, 2, 3, 4. *Think women, &c.* These four lines are according to the modern editions ; but the old manuscript copy, which is followed by Mr. Malone, and is far more intelligible and poetical, reads thus :—

“ Think women love to match with men,

“ And not to live so like a saint :

“ Here is no heaven ; they holy then

“ Begin, when age doth them attain.” EDITOR.

Ib. l. 8 and 9. *Lest that my mistress* Read according to the more correct copy :—

“ For if my lady hear my song,

“ She will not stick to ring mine ear.”

Ib. l. 18. *So gracious is as mine.* *Gracious* was frequently used by our author and his contemporaries, in the sense of *beautiful*. MALONE.

Ib. l. 23. *Beated and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity.* Thus the old copy. *Beated* was, perhaps, a misprint

for 'bated. 'Bated is properly *overthrown*, laid low; *abated*, from *abattre*, F. Hence (if this be the true reading) it is here used by our author, with his usual license, for *disfigured*; reduced to a *lower* or worse state than before. *Beated*, however, the regular participle from the verb to *beat*, may be right. MALONE.

I think we should read—*blasted*. STEEVENS.

P. 53, l. 12. *Nor Nar's sword*. Read—*Nor Mars's sword*, &c. or, according to the original—*Nor Mars his sword*, &c.

Ib. l. 24. *For blunting*, &c. i. e. *For fear of blunting*, &c. MALONE.

P. 54, l. 1. *Feasts so solemn and so rare*. He means the four *festivals* of the year. STEEVENS.

Ib. l. 4. *Or captain jewels in the carcanet*. Jewels of superior worth. The carcanet was an ornament worn round the neck. MALONE.

P. 55, l. 9. *Make you woe*. Make you grieve. Woe is here a verb. EDITOR.

Ib. l. 11. *Compounded am with clay*. *Compounded* is *mixed*, *blended*. MALONE.

Ib. l. 21. *To do more for me now*. Dele *now*.

P. 56, l. 1. *For I'm asham'd*. Other copies read—*I am sham'd*.

Ib. l. 9. *The earth can have but earth*. Shakespeare seems here to have had the burial service in his thoughts. MALONE.

Ib. l. 10. *My sprite*. Read—*My spir't*. See notes, p. 57, l. 9; and p. 61, l. 10.

Ib. l. 20. *The ornament of beauty is suspect*. *Suspicion*, or slander, is a constant attendant on beauty, and

adds new lustre to it. *Suspect* is used as a substantive in King Henry VI. P. II. MALONE.

See also, p. 57, l. 5. EDITOR.

Ib. l. 23. *Their worth be greater, &c.* Read—*Thy* worth (this being an error of the old copy); *the* greater *be*, having been, perhaps, an alteration of the editor of a modern edition, in order to render the old reading somewhat intelligible.

I strongly suspect the latter words of this line also to be corrupt. What idea does *worth* woo'd of (that is, *by*) time present? Perhaps the poet means, that, however slandered his friend may be at present, his *worth* shall be celebrated in all *future* time. MALONE.

Perhaps we are to disentangle the transposition of the passage thus: *So thou be good, slander, being woo'd of time, doth but approve thy worth the greater*; i. e. if you are virtuous, slander being the favourite of the age, only stamps the stronger mark of approbation on your merit. I have already shewn, on the authority of Ben Jonson, that "*of time*" means *of the then present* one. STEEVENS.

Might we not read—*being woo'd of time*? taking *woo'd* for an epithet applied to *slander*, signifying *frantic*, doing mischief at random. Shakespeare often uses this old word. So in "*Venus and Adonis*:"—

"Life-poisoning pestilence and frenzies *woo'd*."

I am far from being satisfied with this conjecture, but can make no sense of the words as they are printed. ANONYMOUS.

P. 57, l. 9. *Knowing a better spirit doth use your name.* *Spirit* is here, as in many other places, used as

a monosyllable. Curiosity will naturally endeavour to find out who this *better spirit* was, to whom even Shakespeare acknowledges himself inferior. There was certainly no poet in his own time with whom he needed to have feared a comparison; but these sonnets being, probably, written when his name was but little known, and at a time when Spenser was in the zenith of his reputation, I imagine he was the person here alluded to. MALONE.

P. 58, l. 12. *To the marriage of true minds. To the sympathetic union of souls.* MALONE.

P. 59, l. 17. *To you fair, &c. Read—to your fair, &c.*

Ib. l. 20. *And therefore have I slept in your report. And therefore I have not sounded your praises.* MALONE.

Ib. l. 22. *How far a modern quill, &c. Modern, formerly, signified common or trite.* MALONE.

Ib. l. 23. *What worth in you doth grow? We might better read—*

——— “*that worth in you doth grow.*”

i. e. that worth, which, &c. MALONE.

Ib. l. 27. *When others would give life, and bring a tomb. When others endeavour to celebrate your character, while, in fact, they disgrace it by the meanness of their compositions.* MALONE.

P. 60, l. 16. *Making him still, &c. Read—Making his stile, &c.*

Ib. l. 17 and 18. *Beauteous blessing—Being fond of praise, which makes your praises worse. Read—beauteous blessings, &c. Also,—Being fond on praise, &c.*

Being fond of such panegyrick as debases what is praiseworthy in you, instead of exalting it. On, in an-

cient books, is often printed for *of*. It may mean "behaving foolishly on receiving praise." STEEVENS.

*Fond on* was certainly used by Shakespeare for *fond of*. MALONE.

Ib. l. 21. *Reserve their character*. *Reserve* has here the sense of *preserve*.

Ib. l. 22. *By all the muses filled*. Read—*fil'd*; i. e. polished.

P. 61, l. 8. *In my brain rehearse*. Read—*inherse*.

Ib. l. 10. *Was it his spirit, by spirits taught, &c.* Spirit is here both as a monosyllable and dissyllable.

"Was it his spir't, by spirits," &c. EDITOR.

Ib. l. 14 and 15. *That affable familiar ghost, which nightly, &c.* Alluding, perhaps, to the celebrated Dr. Dee's pretended intercourse with an angel, and other familiar spirits. STEEVENS.

Ib. l. 18. *Fill'd up his line*. Read—*fil'd up*, &c. i. e. polish'd it. STEEVENS.

Ib. l. 23. *Determinate*; i. e. determined, ended, out of date. MALONE.

P. 62, l. 12. *As it fell upon a day, &c.* This ode was inserted in "The Passionate Pilgrim," by William Jaggard, in 1598, as the production of Shakespeare; but is said to have been written by Richard Barnefield: it contains, however, some lines (on friendship) which would not have disgraced our author. EDITOR.

P. 64, l. 20. *Upon thy side against thyself, &c.* Read—*against myself, &c.*

P. 65, l. 14. *I will acquaintance strangle*. I will put an end to our familiarity. MALONE.

P. 66, l. 2. *Rereward*. Read—*rearward*.

P. 67, l. 15. *Blessed, fair.* Read—*blessed-fair.*

P. 69, l. 16. *And yet this time removed.* This time in which I was *remote* or absent from thee. MALONE.

Ib. l. 17 and 18. *Increase—burden of the prime.* The *prime* is the spring. *Increase* is the produce of the earth. MALONE.

P. 70, l. 7. *Any summer's story tell.* By a summer's story Shakespeare seems to have meant some *gay fiction.* MALONE.

Ib. l. 11. *They were but sweet, but figures of delight.* What more could be expected from flowers, than that they should be sweet? To gratify the smell is their highest praise. I suspect the compositor caught the word *but* from a subsequent part of the line, and would read :—

“ They were, *my* sweet, but figures of delight.”

MALONE.

The old reading is surely the true one. The poet refuses to enlarge on the beauty of the flowers, declaring that they are *only, only* delightful, so far as they resemble his friend. STEEVENS.

Nearly this meaning the lines, after the emendation proposed, will still supply. In the preceding couplet, the *colour*, not the *sweetness* of the flowers is mentioned ; and in the subsequent line the words *drawn* and *pattern* relate only to their external appearance. MALONE.

Both the preceding and following lines prove that the present reading is proper :—

——— “ Nor the *sweet smell*

“ Of different flowers in odour and in hue,” &c.

Here the author fully marks the qualities of different

flowers; he then says—They are *but* sweet, *but* beautiful, (for flowers delight the eye as well as gratify the smell) notwithstanding they fail in a comparison with the perfections of his friend, which the author immediately proves, and at the same time shows how he is a *pattern of these flowers* :—

“The forward violet thus did I chide ;

“*Sweet* thief ! where didst thou steal thy *sweet* that  
“*smells,*

“If not from my love’s *breath* ?” &c.

These lines, though they begin another stanza, are connected with the preceding, and corroborate Mr. Steevens’s assertion, particularly the last line :—“*But sweet, or colour,*” &c. p. 71, l. 2. Where no alteration is necessary, I wonder any should be proposed, that might render these poems still more disgusting to a modern critic; but if readers are willing to suppose they are addressed to a *female*, Mr. Malone’s emendation will then be very agreeable. EDITOR.

Ib. l. 20. *The lily I condemned for thy hand.* I condemned the lily for presuming to emulate the whiteness of thy hand. MALONE.

Ib. l. 23. *One blushing shame.* The old copy reads—*Our* blushing, &c. evidently a misprint. MALONE.

P. 71, l. 11. *And give,* &c. Other copies read incorrectly—*And gives,* &c. *doth* being in the preceding line—*And doth give,* &c.

Ib. l. 13. *If time hate,* &c. Read—*If time have,* &c.



Ib. l. 17. *So thou prevent'st his scythe, &c.* i. e. So by anticipation thou hinderest the destructive effects of his weapons. STEEVENS.

P. 72, l. 3 and 6. *To make her, &c.*—as she shows now. Other copies read—*To make him, &c.*—as he shows now. The feminine gender has been adopted to render it more pleasing to modern readers. EDITOR.

Ib. l. 8. *To me, fair love, &c.* Other copies read—*fair friend, &c.*

Ib. l. 17. *No place perceiv'd.* Read—*no pace perceiv'd.*

P. 73, l. 9. *Have never sat in one.* Other copies read, disregarding metre—*never kept seat in one.*

Ib. l. 21. *They had not still enough, &c.* Thus the old copy. Mr. Tyrwhitt very properly advises us to read—*They had not skill enough, &c.* which was undoubtedly the author's word, but that the compositor "*had not skill enough*" to discern it. EDITOR.

P. 74, l. 7. *In my lays.* Read—*With my lays.*

Ib. l. 8. *In summer's front.* In the beginning of summer. MALONE.

Ib. l. 22. *That overgrows, &c.* Read—*That overgoes, &c.*

P. 75, l. 9. *Which in my breast, &c.* Read—*Which in thy breast, &c.*

Ib. l. 21. *A motley to thy view.* Read—*to the view.*

Appeared like a fool; (of whom the dress was formerly a motley coat.) MALONE.

Ib. l. 22. *Ger'd mine own thoughts.* I know not whether this be a quaintness, or a corruption. STEEVENS.

The text is probably not corrupt, for our author has employed the same word in "*Troilus and Cressida*:"

"My fame is shrewdly *gor'd*."

The meaning seems to be, I have wounded my own thoughts; I have acted contrary to what I knew to be right. MALONE.

P. 76, l. 3. *These blenches*. These starts, or aberrations, from rectitude. MALONE.

Ib. l. 5. *Now all is done, have what shall have no end*. Thus the old copy, which appearing unintelligible, Mr. Tyrwhitt suggests the following reading:--

"Now all is done, *save* what," &c.

But really, I think, the proposed emendation more unintelligible than the old reading. The author, in my opinion, means, I have tried other friendships, but have found thine the most worthy, and now that every trial is made, *take in return my endless esteem*. EDITOR.

Ib. l. 10. *And most loving breast*. Read--and most, *most* loving breast.

Ib. l. 13. *My harmless deeds*. Read--my *harmful* deeds. I think it would be better to read--*each harmful deed*, &c. and make the corresponding rhyme, *breed*. EDITOR.

Ib. l. 15. *Than public means which public manners breeds*. The author seems here to lament his being reduced to the necessity of appearing on the stage, or writing for the theatre. MALONE.

Ib. l. 21. *Potions of eyself 'gainst my strong infection*. *Eysell* is vinegar. STEEVENS.

Vinegar is esteemed very efficacious in preventing

the communication of the plague and other contagious distempers. MALONE.

P. 77, l. 4. *So you o'er-skreen my bad, my good allow.* Thus a modern edition : the old copies read—*o'er-green* my bad, &c.

I am indifferent to the opinion of the world, if you do but throw a friendly veil over my faults, and approve of my virtues. The allusion (*o'er-green*) seems to be either to the practice of covering a base coarse piece of ground with fresh *green* sward, or to that of planting ivy or jessamine to conceal an unsightly building. To *allow*, in ancient language, is to *approve*. MALONE.

I would read—*o'er-grieve* my bad ; i. e. I care not what is said of me, so that you *compassionate* my failings, and approve my virtues. STEEVENS.

Ib. l. 5. *You are my all, the world and I, &c.* Read—*You are my all-the-world, and I, &c.*

Ib. l. 8. *That my steel'd sense or changes right or wrong.* It appears, from the next line but one, that *sense* is here used for *senses* : we might better read—*e'er* changes, right or wrong. MALONE.

The meaning seems to be—You are the only person who has the power to change my stubborn resolution. *either* to what is right, or to what is wrong. STEEVENS.

The *or* here is transposed by a poetic licence. The poet meant, that my steel'd sense changes, *or* right or wrong. *Sense* here has a different signification from that in the second succeeding line, and I am certain was not used in this place for the plural number. EPI-  
TOR.

Ib. l. 9. *In so profound abyssm, &c.* Our author uses this word (abyssm) in "The Tempest," and "Anthony and Cleopatra." STEEVENS.

Ib. l. 10. *Of other voices.* Read—*others'* voices.

Ib. *ib.* and l. 11. *That my adder's sense to critic, &c.* That my ears are equally deaf to the *snarling censurer*, and the flattering encomiast. Critic for Cynic. MALONE.

Ib. l. 14. *That all the world besides me thinks I am dead.* This is the nonsense of a modern edition. Read according to the old copies—*besides methinks they're* dead.

The quarto has—*methinks y'are* dead. *Y'are* was, I suppose, an abbreviation for *they are*. MALONE.

The sense is this—I pay no regard to the sentiments of mankind; and observe how I account for this my indifference. I think so much of you, that I have no leisure to be anxious about the opinions of others; I proceed, as if the world, yourself excepted, were no more. STEEVENS.

Ib. l. 18. *Doth part his function; i. e. partly performs his office.* MALONE.

Ib. l. 21. *Of birds, of flowers, of shape, which he doth lack.* Read—*Of bird, of flower, &c.*

Mr. Malone, in his edition, reads—which it doth *latch*; and says, "The corresponding rhyme shows what I have now substituted was the author's word. To *latch*, formerly, signified to *lay hold of*."

P. 78, l. 2. *The most sweet favour. Favour is countenance.* MALONE.

Ib. l. 6. *My most true mind that maketh mine untrue.* The word *untrue* is used as a substantive. *The sincerity of my affection is the cause of my untruth*; i. e. of my not seeing objects truly, such as they appear to the rest of mankind.

Ib. l. 16. *Most kindly drinks it up.* Other copies read—*most kingly*, &c.

Ib. l. 17. *What with his gust is 'greeing*; i. e. what is pleasing to the taste of my mind. MALONE.

Ib. l. 25. *Whose million accidents.* Read—*whose million'd accidents*, &c.

P. 79. *Can sacred beauty, blunt* &c. Read—*Ten sacred beauty, blunt*, &c.

Ib. l. 6. *Crowding.* Read—*crowning*.

Ib. l. 13. *Day by day.* This expression was probably suggested by the *Magnificat*; "*Day by day we magnify thee.*" MALONE.

Ib. l. 18. *Error down.* Read—*errors*.

Ib. l. 24. *Like as you make*, &c. Read—*Like as, to make*, &c.

Ib. l. 25. *With eager compounds.* *Eager* is sour, tart, poignant. STEEVENS.

P. 80, l. 3. *Near cloying.* Read—*ne'er-cloying*.

Ib. l. 5. *Meekness.* Read—*meetness*.

Ib. l. 9. *A hateful state,* Read—*a healthful state*.

Ib. l. 11. *And the fond lesson true.* Read—*and find the lesson true*. These are all errors of a modern edition, probably intended as emendations by an ignorant editor.

Ib. l. 19 and 20. *Been fitted—In the distraction of this madding fever.* How have mine eyes been con-

vulsed during the frantic fits of my feverous love. The participle *fitted*, is not, I believe, used by any other author in the sense in which it is here employed. MALONE.

P. 81, l. 11. *Might have remember'd*; i. e. might have reminded. MALONE.

P. 82, l. 1. *Who are frailer spies*. Read—*why are, &c.*

Ib. l. 5. *Be bevel*; i. e. crooked; a term used only, I believe, by masons and joiners. STEEVENS.

Ib. l. 12. *With a lashing memory*. Read—with *lasting* memory.

Ib. l. 13. *Idle rant, &c.* Read—*idle rank, &c.*

Ib. l. 19. *That poor attention*. Read—*That poor retention*.

*That poor retention* is the table book given to him by his friend, incapable of *retaining*, or rather of *containing*, so much as the *tablet of the brain*. MALONE.

Ib. l. 24. *Were to impart, &c.* Read—*Were to import, &c.*

P. 83, l. 12. *Doth lye*. Read—*do lye*.

Ib. l. 18. *Un-feathered*. Read—*un-father'd*.

Ib. l. 24. *Whereto t' inviting time, &c.* Read—*Whereto th' inviting, &c.*

P. 84, l. 4. *That it nor grows with heat nor drowns with show'rs*. Though a building may be *drown'd*; i. e. deluged by rain, it can hardly *grow* under the influence of heat. I would read—*glows*. STEEVENS.

Our poet frequently starts from one idea to another. Though he had compared his affection to a building, he seems to have deserted that thought; and here, per-

haps, meant to allude to the progress of vegetation, and the accidents that retard it. MALONE.

Ib. l. 5 and 6. *The fools of time—Which die, &c.* Perhaps this is a stroke at some of Fox's *Martyrs*. STEEVENS.

Ib. l. 8. *Where it ought to be, &c.* Read—*Were it ought to me, &c.* These are the errors of a modern edition.

Ib. l. 11. *Running.* Read—*Ruining.*

Ib. l. 18. *Which is not mixed with seconds.* I am just informed, by an old lady, that *seconds* is a provincial term for the *second kind of flour*, which is collected after the smaller bran is sifted. That our author's oblation was pure, *unmixed with baser matter*, is all that he meant to say. STEEVENS.

P. 85, l. 1. *Virginals.* Virginals were shaped like Piano-Fortes. MALONE.

Ib. l. 2. *How oft when thou thy music, music-play'st.* Read—How oft, when thou, *my music, music play'st.*

Ib. l. 5. *The witty concord.* Read—The *wiry* concord.

Ib. l. 6. *Do I envy, &c.* Envy; this word is accented by other ancient writers in the same manner. MALONE.

Ib. l. 12. *O'er whom their fingers, &c.* Thus the old copy. Read—O'er whom *thy* fingers, &c.

P. 86, l. 1. *Made in pursuit, &c.* Thus the old copy corruptly. Read—*Mad* in pursuit, &c.

Ib. l. 3. *And proud, and very woe.* Read—and *prov'd, a very woe.* The quarto reads—and very woe.

and *proud* was, probably, adopted by a modern editor, to render it somewhat intelligible. EDITOR.

Ib. l. 14. *No holy bower.* Read—no holy hour.

Ib. l. 17. *Her eyes so suited.* Her eyes of the same colour as those of the raven. MALONE.

Ib. l. 18 and 19. *And they mourners seem, &c.* They seem to mourn, that those who are not born fair, are yet possessed of an artificial beauty, by which they pass for what they are not, and thus dishonor nature by their imperfect imitation and false pretensions. MALONE.

P. 87, l. 1. *I have seen roses, damask, &c.* Read—I have seen roses damask'd, &c.

Ib. l. 9. *My love is rare, &c.* Read—my love as rare, &c.

Ib. l. 11. *Thou art tyrannous, so thou art.* Read—Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art.

Ib. l. 22. *Thy black is fairer.* Read—fairest.

Ib. l. 26. *Torments me, &c.* Read—torment me, &c.

P. 89, l. 6. *Restore to me, my comfort still.* Read—restore, to be my comfort, &c.

Ib. l. 11. *The statute of thy beauty.* Statute has here its legal signification, that of a security or obligation for money. MALONE.

Ib. l. 13. *For thy sake.* Read—for my sake.

P. 90, l. 12. *I fill it full, &c.* Read—Ay, fill it full, &c.

The modern editors, by following the old copy, in which the vowel *I* is here used instead of *ay*, have rendered this line unintelligible. MALONE.



Ib. l. 15. *Then in a number, &c.* Read—*Then in the number, &c.*

P. 92, l. 4. *Yet, love, to tell me so.* To tell me thou dost love me. MALONE.

Ib. l. 9. *Ill-wrestling.* Read—*ill-wresting.*

Ib. l. 22. *But my five wits, nor my five senses can,* &c. i. e. But neither my wits, nor senses, can &c.

“The wits,” Dr. Johnson observes, “seems to have been reckoned five, by analogy to the five senses, or the five inlets of ideas. Wit, in our author’s time, was the general term for the intellectual power.” From Stephen Hawes’s Poem, called *Gruunde Amour, and La Bell Pucell*, 1554, ch. 24, it appears, that the five wits were, “Common wit, imagination, fantasy, estimation, and memory.” MALONE.

P. 93, l. 2. *Rewards my pain.* Read—*awards me pain.*

Ib. l. 3 and 4. *Love is my sin, and my dear virtue hate, &c.* Read—

“Love is my sin, and thy dear virtue hate,

“Hate of my sin, grounded on sinful loving.”

Ib. l. 14. *To pity be.* Read—to pity’d be.

Ib. l. 15. *If thou dost seek, &c.* We should read—*If thou do seek, &c.* EDITOR.

Ib. l. 21. *In pursuit, &c.* The accent here is on the first syllable (*pursuit*.) EDITOR.

Ib. l. 25. *Not prizing her poor infant’s discontent.* Not regarding, nor making any account of, her child’s uneasiness. MALONE.

P. 94, l. 20 and 21. *I HATE, from hate away she threw, &c.* Such sense as these sonnets abound with,

may, perhaps, be discovered as the words at present stand ; but I had rather read :—

*“ I hate, away from hate she flew,” &c.*

Having pronounced the word *I hate*, she left me with a declaration in my favour. STEEVENS.

The meaning is, she removed the words *I hate* to a distance from hatred ; she changed their natural import, and rendered them inefficacious, and undescriptive of dislike, by subjoining—*not you*. The old copy is certainly right. The poet relates what the lady said ; she is not herself the speaker. MALONE.

Surely Mr. Steevens had not considered the preceding lines ; particularly—

*“ I hate she altered with an end ;”*

Which *end* was—*not you*. I have met with worse conceits in many modern sonnets. EDITOR.

P. 95, l. 3. *My sinful earth, these rebel powers that thee array.* Thus the old copy.

It is manifest that the compositor inadvertently repeated the last three words of the first verse in the beginning of the second, omitting two syllables, which are sufficient to complete the metre. What the omitted word or words were it is impossible now to determine. MALONE.

Mr. Malone, in his edition, “ rather than leave an hiatus,” has substituted—

*“ Fool’d by those rebel powers,” &c.*

I would read—*starv’d by these rebel powers, &c.* The dearth complained of in the succeeding line appears to authorize the conjecture. The poet seems to allude to

the short commons and gaudy habit of soldiers. STEEVENS.

Ib. l. 5. *In costly clay.* Thus a modern edition. Read—*so costly gay.*

Ib. l. 7. *Faded mansion.* Read—*fading mansion.*

Ib. l. 24. *Why physic did accept.* Read—*which physic did except.*

P. 96, l. 1. *Now reason is past cure.* Read—*past cure.*

Ib. l. 11. *That censures falsely.* That estimates falsely. MALONE.

Ib. l. 23. *When I against myself with thee partake;* i. e. take part with thee against myself. STEEVENS.

A *partaker* was, in Shakespeare's time, the term for an associate, or confederate, in any business. MALONE.

Ib. l. 25. *All of myself, all tyrant for thy sake?* Other copies read—*Am* of myself, &c.

*All tyrant, for thy sake*—that is, for the sake of thee, thou tyrant. Perhaps, however, the author wrote—

———— “When I forgot,

“Am of myself, all *truant* for thy sake.”

MALONE.

P. 97, l. 1. *Who hatest thou, that I do call my friend?* Other copies read—*Who hateth thee,* &c.

This is from one of the Psalms :—

“Do I not hate those that hate thee?” &c.

STEEVENS.

P. 99, l. 7. *Bare ruin'd quires, where late the sweet birds sang.* The quarto has—*Bare m'w'd quiers*—from

which the reader must extract what meaning he can. The edition of our author's Poems, in 1640, has *ruin'd. Quires*, or *choirs*, here means, that part of cathedrals where divine service is performed, to which, when uncovered, and in ruins, the poet compares the trees at the end of autumn, stripped of that foliage which at once invited and sheltered the feathered songsters of summer. MALONE.

This image was, probably, suggested to Shakespeare by our desolated monasteries. The resemblance between the vaulting of a Gothic isle, and an avenue of *trées*, whose upper branches meet and form an arch overhead, is too striking not to be acknowledged. When the roof of one is shattered, and the boughs of the other leafless, the comparison becomes yet more solemn and picturesque. STEEVENS.

Ib. l. 8. *Twilights of such day.* Read—*twilight*, &c.

Ib. l. 16. *'Tis thou, &c.* Read—*This thou, &c.*

Ib. l. 20. *The vacant leaves, &c.* Perhaps Shakespeare wrote—*These vacant leaves.* MALONE.

Ib. l. 21. *And of this book, &c.* *This, their, and thy*, are so often confounded in these sonnets, that it is only by attending to the context that we can discover which was the author's word. In the present instance, instead of *this book*, should we not read—*thy book*? MALONE.

Ib. l. 22 and 23. *Thy glass will shew—give the memory.* Read—*thy glass will truly show—and—give thee memory.*

P. 100, l. 4. *To these waste blocks.* Thus the old copy. Mr. Theobald proposes to read—*waste blanks*, which emendation, Mr. Malone says, is fully supported by a preceding line ; *The vacant leaves*, &c.

Ib. l. 15. *And the sad augurs mock their own presage.* I suppose he means that they *laugh* at the futility of their own predictions. STEEVENS.

Ib. l. 19. *And death to me subscribes.* To subscribe is to acknowledge as a superior—to obey. MALONE.

P. 101, l. 3. *What's now to speak, what now to register ?* Thus the quarto. Read—*What's new to speak, what new to register ?*

Ib. l. 9. *In love's fresh case.* By the *case* of love the poet means his own compositions.

Ib. l. 10. *Weights not the dust ; i. e.* disregards the dust.

Ib. *ib.* *And injuries of age.* Read—and *injury*, &c.

P. 102, l. 17. *More perjur'd I.* The quarto is here certainly corrupt. It reads—*more perjur'd eye.* MALONE.

### CEPHALUS AND PROCRIS. (p. 103.)

This tale from Ovid, and others herewith blended, (p. 107 to 117) are ascribed to the pen of Heywood ; they were originally printed together, in 1612, and have been continued in many succeeding editions.

P. 105, l. 18, *Cupid laid by his brand*, &c. This and the following stanza are composed of the very same thoughts differently versified. They seem to be early

essays of the poet, who, perhaps, had not determined which he should prefer. He hardly could have intended to send them both into the world. MALONE.

Ib. l. 22. *From his holy fire, &c.* Read—from this holy fire, &c.

P. 106, l. 3. *The help of bath desired.* Query, whether we should read—*Bath*; i. e. the city of that name? The following words seem to authorize it. STEEVENS.

The old copy is certainly right. See the subsequent sonnet, which contains the same thoughts, differently versified:—

“Growing a bath,” &c.

So before, in the present sonnet:—

“And grew a seething bath.” MALONE.

Ib. l. 8. *Heart and flaming brand.* Read—heart-inflaming brand.

Ib. l. 15. *Quench'd.* Read—quenched.

P. 109, l. 7. *Were took, &c.* We should read—were *ta'en*, &c. EDITOR.

P. 110, l. 7. *Is smoo'g'd with smoke, &c.* I think we should read—is *smirch'd*, &c. EDITOR.

Ib. l. 16. *And wince.* Read—winch, as the word is spelt both ways. EDITOR.

Ib. l. 20. *Pitfal dance.* Pitfal is either a corruption of pitiful, or means the snare into which they fell. EDITOR.

P. 111, l. 13. *Afeard.* The old word for afraid.

P. 114, l. 9. *Aread thee.* Meant, I suppose, for—array'd thee. EDITOR.

P. 115, l. 12. *Astypale*, &c. This line is deficient in metre. EDITOR.

P. 116, l. 10. *Now from another word*, &c. Read ~~—world.~~

Dr. Farmer, in his "Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare," proves these translations are not from the pen of that author.

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### A LOVER'S COMPLAINT. (p. 117.)

This beautiful poem was first printed in 1609, with our author's name at the head of the quarto edition of his sonnets. I wonder that it has not attracted the attention of some English painter, the opening being uncommonly picturesque. The figures, however, of the lady and the old man, should be standing, not sitting, by the river side; Shakespeare reclining on a hill. MALONE.

P. 117, l. 12. *Reworded*. Repeated, re-echoed. MALONE.

Ib. l. 13. *A plaintive story*. Other copies read—*A plaintful story*, &c. according to the original.

Ib. *ib.* *From a sistering vale*. This word *sistering* is not, I believe, used by any other author. MALONE.

Ib. l. 15. *And down I laid*, &c. Read—*lay*.

Ib. l. 18. *Sorrow's wind and rain*; i. e. *sighs* and tears. MALONE.

Ib. l. 22. *And done*; i. e. consumed. MALONE.

P. 118, l. 1. *Her napkin*; i. e. handkerchief. MALONE.

Ib. l. 2. *Conceited characters*; i. e. fanciful images. MALONE.

Ib. l. 3. *Laund'ring the silken figures, &c.* *Laundering* is *wetting*. The verb is now obsolete. MALONE.

Ib. l. 4. *Had pelleted in tears.* To *pellet* is to form in *pellets*, to which, being *round*, Shakespeare, with his usual licence, compares falling tears. The word, I believe, is found nowhere but here, and in "Anthony and Cleopatra." MALONE.

This phrase is from the kitchen. *Pellet* was the ancient culinary term for a *force-meat ball*; a well-known *seasoning*. STEVENS.

Ib. l. 7. *Of all size.* *Size* is here used, with Shakespeare's usual negligence, for *sizes*. MALONE.

Other English poets, besides Shakespeare, have used the singular for the plural: not through *negligence*, but a then tolerated *license*. Even to this day a poet will talk of his mistress's bright *eye*, fair *hand*, &c. meaning *both*. EDITOR.

Ib. l. 8. *Her levell'd eyes their carriage ride.* The allusion, which is to a piece of ordnance, is very quaint and far-fetched. MALONE.

Ib. l. 10. *Sometimes diverted.* Turned from their former direction. MALONE.

Other copies read here—*sometime*; but why not correspond with the first line of the verse, and the succeeding line? Besides, *sometime* implies a *length of time*. EDITOR.

Ib. l. 17. *Her shav'd hat.* Read—*sheav'd hat*; i. e. *straw hat*.



Ib. l. 19. *Some in her threaden fillet.* I suspect Shakespeare wrote—in *their* threaden fillet. MALONE.

Ib. l. 22. *From a maund she drew.* A *maund* is a hand-basket. The word is yet used in Somersetshire. MALONE.

Ib. l. 23. *Of beaded jet.* The quarto, 1609, reads—*bedded jet.*

If *bedded* be right, it must mean—*set* in some kind of metal :—*beaded jet* may be right—*beads* made of jet. The construction, I think, is—*she drew from a maund a thousand favours of amber, chrystal, &c.* MALONE.

Baskets made of *beads* were sufficiently common even since the time of our author. I have seen many of them. *Beaded jet*, is jet formed into *beads*. STEEVENS.

Ib. l. 25. *Upon whose weeping margent she was set.* Perhaps we should read—

“Upon whose *margent weeping* she was set.”

The words might have been accidentally transposed at the press. *Weeping margent*, however, is, I believe, right, being much in our author’s manner.—*Weeping* for *weeped*, or *be-weeped*; the margin wet with tears. MALONE.

To *weep* is to drop. Milton talks of—

“Groves, whose rich trees *wept* od’rous gums and  
“balm.”

Pope speaks of the “*weeping* amber:” and Mortimer observes, that “*rye-grass* grows on *weeping* ground; i. e. lands abounding with wet, like the margin of the river on which this damsel is sitting. The rock from which water drops is likewise poetically called a *weeping* rock. STEEVENS.

*Weeping* is not substituted for *weaped*, or *be-weaped*, but figuratively denotes the margin wet, and thus *sympathising* with the damsel. Here are poetically *tears* for *tears*:—

“Like usury, applying *wet* to *wet*.”

Mr. Malone's proposed transposition would therefore entirely spoil the 'beauty of the line, and the succeeding one. EDITOR.

Ib. l. 28. *Where want cries some* ; i. e. Where want petitions for some. EDITOR.

I once suspected that our author wrote:—

“Where want *craves* some.” MALONE.

*I cry halves*, is a common phrase among school-boys. STEEVENS.

P. 119, l. 6. *With sleided silk, feat and affectedly*. *Sleided* silk is, as Dr. Percy has elsewhere observed, untwisted silk, prepared to be used in the weaver's *sley* or *slay*, which is formed with teeth like a comb. *Feat* is, curiously, nicely. MALONE.

Ib. l. 7. *Enswath'd and seal'd to curious secrecy*. To be convinced of the propriety of this description let the reader consult the *Royal Letters*, &c. in the British Museum, where he will find, that anciently, the ends of a piece of narrow ribbon were placed under the *seals* of letters, to connect them more closely. STEEVENS.

Ib. l. 9. *Often gave a tear*. The old copy reads—*gave to tear*. Mr. Malone has adopted, in his edition—often '*gan* to *tear*.

Ib. l. 11. *Dost him bear*. Read—*dost thou bear*.

Ib. l. 16. *That the ruffle knew*. *Rufflers* were a

species of bullies in the time of Shakespeare. STEEVENS.

Ib. l. 18. *Observed as they flew.* Mr. Malone here encloses, "Sometimes a blusterer, &c. to the swiftest hours," in a parenthesis, and then says -

"*Observed as they flew*; i. e. as the scattered fragments of paper flew. Perhaps, however, the parenthesis might not have been intended by the author. If it be omitted, and *the swiftest hours* be connected with what follows, the meaning will be, that this reverend man, though engaged in the bustle of court and city, had not suffered the busy and gay period of youth to pass by without gaining some knowledge of the world."

Ib. l. 19. *This afflicted fancy.* This afflicted lovesick lady. *Fancy* was formerly used in the sense of *love*. MALONE.

Ib. l. 22. *His grained bat.* His grained bat is his staff, on which the grain of the wood was visible. STEEVENS.

Ib. l. 27. *Her suffering ecstasy.* Her painful perturbation of mind. MALONE.

P. 120, l. 10. *O! one by nature's outwards, &c.* Thus the quarto. Mr. Tyrwhitt thinks we should read —*Of one, &c.* i. e. suit of one, &c.

Ib. l. 12. *Made him her place*; i. e. her seat, her mansion. In the sacred writings the word is often used with this sense. STEEVENS.

*Plas*, in the Welsh language, signifies a mansion-house. MALONE.

Ib. l. 18. *What's sweet to do, to do will aptly find.*

I suppose he means, things pleasant to be done will easily find people enough to do them. STREVEENS.

Ib. l. 21. *In Paradise was seen*; i. e. seen. This irregular participle, which was forced upon the author by the rhyme, is, I believe, used by no other writer. MALONE.

Ib. l. 23. *His phoenix down*. I suppose she means *matchless, rare down*. MALONE.

Ib. l. 26. *Yet shew'd his visage, &c.* The words are placed out of their natural order, for the sake of the metre:—

“Yet his *visage show'd*,” &c. MALONE.

P. 121, l. 4. *Is to see*; i. e. to be seen. It would be better to read—*we may see*. EDITOR.

Ib. l. 5. *Authoris'd youth*. We must, according to the metre, accent the first word (*authóris'd*) on the middle syllable. EDITOR.

Ib. l. 14. *Or he his, manag'd, &c.* Read, according to the true copies—*Or he his manage, &c.*

Ib. l. 15. *But quickly on this side*. Perhaps the author wrote—*his side*. There is, however, no need of change. MALONE.

Ib. l. 20. *Can for additions yet their purpose trim, &c.* Mr. Malone thinks *can* was printed for *came*; accordingly we read, in his edition—

“*Cume for additions, yet their purpos'd trim*

“*Picc'd not*,” &c.

Ib. l. 28. *Catching all passions in his craft of will*. These lines, in which our author has accidentally delineated his own character as a dramatist, would have been better adapted to his monumental inscription, than

such as are placed on the scroll in Westminster Abbey. By our undiscerning audiences, however, they are always heard with profounder silence, and followed by louder applause, than accompany any other passage throughout all his plays. The vulgar seem to think they were selected for public view, as the brightest gems in his poetic crown. STEEVENS.

P. 122, l. 4. *Where he haunted.* Where he frequented. MALONE.

Ib. l. 18. *And was my own fee simple.* Had an absolute power over myself, as large as a tenant in fee has over his estate. MALONE.

P. 123, l. 1. *But ah ! however, &c.* Read—But ah ! *who ever, &c.*

Ib. l. 8. *To our blood ; i. e. to our passions.* MALONE.

Ib. l. 14. *It is my last.* Read—It is *thy* last.

Ib. l. 16. *The patterns of his foul beguiling ; i. e. the examples of his seduction.* MALONE.

Ib. l. 17. *Heard where his plants in other orchards grew.* Read—*others'* orchards.

*Orchard and garden* were, in ancient language, synonymous. MALONE.

Ib. l. 19. *Brokers to defiling.* A broker, formerly, signified a pander. MALONE.

Ib. l. 20. *Thought, characters, and words, &c.* *Thought* is here, I believe, a substantive. MALONE.

Ib. l. 23. *Till thus he 'gan besiege me.* The second verb should also have been abbreviated, in order to perfect the sense. *Till thus he 'gan to 'siege me, &c.* EDITOR.

Ib. l. 26. *What's to you sworn.* Some copies read —*That's to you, &c.*

Ib. l. 27 and 28. *For feasts of love I have been call'd unto, &c.* For the sake of better rhyme we might read—

*To feasts of love though called unto, till now  
I never did invite, nor never vow.* EDITOR.

P. 124, l. 2. *Errors of the blood.* See Note, p. 123, l. 8.

Ib. l. 3 and 4. *Love made them not, with acture they may be, &c.* Thus the old copy. I have not found the word *acture* in any other place, but suppose it to have been used as synonymous with *action*. His *offences* that might be *seen abroad* in the world, were the plants before-mentioned that he had set in others' gardens. The meaning of the passage then should seem to be—Thy illicit amours were merely the effect of constitution, and not approved by my reason: pure and genuine love had no share in them, or in their consequences; for the mere congress of the sexes may produce such fruits, without the affections of the parties being at all engaged. MALONE.

Ib. l. 10. *Put to smallest teen.* *Teen* is trouble. MALONE.

Ib. l. 15. *Wounded fancy.* Other copies read—*fancies.*

*Fancy* is here used for love, or affection. MALONE.

Ib. l. 16. *Of pallid pearls, &c.* The old copies read —*paled pearls.*

Ib. l. 22. *These talents of their hair, &c.* These

*lockets*, consisting of their hair, platted and set in gold. MALONE.

Ib. l. 23. *Amorously empleach'd*. Read—*impleach'd*.

*Impleach'd* is interwoven; the same as *pleached*, a word which our author uses in "Much ado about Nothing;" and in "Anthony and Cleopatra."

Ib. l. 28. *Each stone's dear nature*, &c. In the age of Shakespeare peculiar virtues were imputed to every species of precious stones. STEEVENS.

P. 125, l. 2. *Whereto his invis'd properties*, &c. *Invis'd* for *invisible*. This is, I believe, a word of Shakespeare's coining. His *invis'd properties* are the invisible qualities of his mind. MALONE.

Ib. l. 5. *Saphyr—ophal*. Read—*sapphire—opal*: these being the errors of a modern edition.

Ib. l. 8. *Of affection*. Read—*affections*.

Ib. l. 9. *Of pensive*. Read—*pensiv'd*.

Ib. l. 16. *The airy scale of praise*. The *airy scale* of praise is the scale filled with verbal elogiums. *Air* is often thus used by our author. MALONE.

Ib. l. 17. *All these smiles unto your own command*. Read—

"—— all these *similes* to your own command."

Ib. l. 23. *Or sister sanctified*. The poet, I suspect, wrote—*A sister*, &c. MALONE.

Ib. l. 24. *Which late her noble suit in court did shun*. Who lately retired from the solicitation of her noble admirers. The word *suit*, in the sense of request and petition, was much used in Shakespeare's time. MALONE.

Which was used personally in Shakespeare's time.  
EDITOR.

Ib. l. 26. *For she was fought by spirits of richest coat.* Read—*For she was sought, &c.*

*By spirits of richest coat*; i. e. by nobles, whose high descent is marked by the number of quarters in their coats of arms. MALONE.

P. 126, l. 3 and 4. *Playing the place, &c.*—*Playing patient sports in unconstrained gives!* For *glves*, read—*gyves* (fettters).

Thus the old copy. Mr. Malone reads—

“*Paling* the place which did no form receive;

“*Man patient sports in unconstrained gyves.*”

Of the old copy, he says—

“It does not require a long note to prove that this is a gross corruption. How to amend it is the only question. *Playing*, in the first line, I apprehend, was a misprint for *paling*; and the compositor's eye, after he had printed the former line, I suppose, glanced again upon it, and caught the first word of it, instead of the first line he was then composing. The lover is speaking of a man who had voluntarily retired from the world:—But what merit (he adds) could she boast, or what was the difficulty of such an action? What labour is there in leaving what we have not? i. e. what we do not enjoy, or in restraining desires that do not agitate our breast? *Paling the place, &c.* securing within the pale of a cloister that heart which had never received the impression of love. When fetters are put upon us by our consent, they do not appear irksome.



The word *form*, which I once suspected to be corrupt, is undoubtedly right."

Ib. l. 6. *By the flight.* Perhaps the author wrote—by *her* flight. STEEVENS.

Ib. l. 12. *Religious eye.* Read—*religion's* eye.

Ib. l. 13. *Would she be immured.* The quarto has *enur'd*; for which the modern editions have properly given *immur'd*. MALONE.

Ib. l. 22. *My parts had power to charm a sacred sun.* Perhaps the poet wrote :—

———— "a sacred nun."

If *sun* be right, it must mean—the *brightest luminary of the cloister.* STEEVENS.

Ib. l. 23 and 24. *Tho' disciplin'd, I dieted in grace, &c.* Read—

"Who disciplin'd and dieted in grace."

The old copy reads—

———— "I died in grace."

The above regulation of the text was communicated to Mr. Malone by an anonymous correspondent, who also would read :—

———— "When I th' assail begun."

Of which emendation Mr. Malone remarks :—"It does not seem absolutely necessary. The nun believed, or yielded to her eyes, when they, captivated by the external appearance of her wooer, began to assail her chastity."

Ib. l. 27. *Hath neither string, &c.* Read—*sting.*

P. 127, l. 5. *Love's arms are peace, 'gainst rule, &c.* I suspect our author wrote :—

"Love's arms are *proof*'gainst rule," &c.

The meaning, however, of the text, as it stands, may be—The *warfare* that love carries on against rule, sense, &c. produces to the parties engaged a *peaceful* enjoyment, and *sweetens*, &c. The construction in the next line is, perhaps, irregular :—Love's arms are peace, &c. and *love* sweetens. MALONE.

Ib. l. 6. *And sweetness.* Read—*sweetens.*

Ib. l. 15 and 16. *His watery eyes he did dismount.—Whose sights,* &c. The allusion is to the old English fire arms, which were supported on what was called a *rest.* MALONE.

Ib. l. 20 and 21. *Gate the glowing roses—That flame,* &c. i. e. procured for the glowing roses in his cheeks, that flame, &c. *Gate* is the ancient perfect tense of the verb *to get.* MALONE.

Ib. l. 37. *Oh cleft effect!* O divided and discordant effect! *O cleft,* &c. is the modern reading. The old copy has—*or cleft effect,* from which it is difficult to draw any meaning. MALONE.

The exclamation O! having been written, perhaps, with two letters, (Oh!) was the consequence of the change of a letter. EDITOR.

P. 128, l. 3. *I daft, or daff'd.* *Daft, or dofft,* is to put off—*do off.* MALONE

Ib. l. 4. *Civil fears.* *Civil,* formerly, signified *grave, decorous.* MALONE.

Ib. l. 9. *Applied to cautless.* Read—*cautels.*

Applied to insidious purposes, with subtilty and cunning. MALONE.

Ib. l. 16. *Could 'scape the hail, &c.* I suspect that for *hail* we ought to read—*ill*. MALONE.

Ib. l. 17. *Both wild and tame.* Read—both kind and tame.

Ib. l. 20. *In heart-wish'd luxury.* *Luxury*, formerly, was used for *lasciviousness*. MALONE.

P. 129, l. 5. *That borrow'd motion, seeming ow'd.* That passion which he copied from others, so naturally, that it seemed real, and his own. *Ow'd* has here, and in many other places in our author's works, the signification of *owned*. MALONE.

#### EPISTLE OF PARIS TO HELEN. (p. 129.)

This epistle, and the succeeding one, were published as Shakespeare's, with his "Passionate Pilgrim; or, Certain Amorous Sonnets between Venus and Adonis," in the year 1612. They were, however, written and avowed by Thomas Heywood; but have, notwithstanding, been retained in many of the succeeding editions of Shakespeare's Poems.

P. 131, l. 27. *I was stroke so far, &c.* *Stroke*, perhaps, was the preterperfect tense of *to strick*—I was *struck* so far with your beauty. EDITOR.

P. 133, l. 27 and 28. *I strait took, &c.—one by one behold, &c.* We should read:—

"I strait take heart-a-grace, and grow more bold,

"And there," &c.

The succeeding lines are also in the present tense. EDITOR.

P. 136, l. 24. *Woo me, defer my journey.* Solicit me to postpone my journey.

P. 137, l. 6. *Her quenchless flame she spake of (I confess).* I think we should read :—

“ *The quenchless flames she spake of I confess.*”

EDITOR.

P. 139, l. 26. *Both to clip and kiss.* To embrace and kiss. *Clip* is used by Shakespeare: the reader must, however, perceive that these epistles (though smooth in metre, and regular in rhyme, save *this* and *wish*, *consider* and *together*, &c.) do not display that fancy and energy which so distinguish our author's writings. EDITOR.

P. 146, l. 22. *By intreats*; i. e. entreaties. EDITOR.

P. 149, l. 24. *What lets us then?* What hinders us then? EDITOR.

P. 154, l. 12. *Guerdon'd with despite.* Rewarded with despite. This word is used by Shakespeare. EDITOR.

P. 157, l. 5. *Happy'd me.* Made me happy. EDITOR.

P. 162, l. 7.. *Ought me.* Ought is the old preterperfect tense of the verb *to owe*. EDITOR.

P. 164, l. 22. *Affies in*; i. e. *confides in*. EDITOR.

P. 165, l. 20. *Suffer his infant vigour be withstood*; i. e. *to be withstood*. EDITOR.

P. 170, l. 10. *Live with me, &c.* Read—*Come live with me, &c.* This little piece, and the two following, were also published as Shakespeare's; but the first has been proved to have been written by Marlowe, and the others by Richard Barnecliffe.

P. 173, l. 9. *Trimly dight*—for *dighted*; i. e. decked out. EDITOR.

P. 174, l. 12. *But my poor heart first set free*. In some editions the words are transposed :—

“ But first set my poor heart free.”

Ib. l. 15. *Of lowest lay*. Read—*loudest lay*.

Ib. l. 20. *Foul procurer*. Read—*precursor*; now written—*precursor*.

The *shrieking harbinger* here addressed is the screech owl—the *foul precursor* of death. MALONE.

P. 175, l. 2. *That defunctive music ken*. Thus the modern editions. The old copies read :—

————— “ Music can ;”

i. e. that understands funeral music. To *con*, in Saxon signifies to know. MALONE.

Ib. l. 7. *With the breath thou giv'st and tak'st, &c.* I suppose this uncouth expression means, that the crow, or raven, continues its race by the *breath* it gives to them, and by *that* which it takes from other animals; i. e. by first producing its young from itself, and then providing for their support by depredation. This is the best I can make of the passage. STEEVENS.

Ib. l. 15. *Two distincts but in none*. Read—

“ Two distincts, *division* none.”

Ib. l. 20. *But in them it were a wonder*. So extraordinary a phenomenon as—*hearts remote, yet not asunder*, &c. would have excited admiration, had it been found any where else, *except in these two birds*. In them it was not wonderful. MALONE.

Ib. l. 22. *That the turtle saw his right*. I suppose we should read—*light*; i. e. the turtle saw all the

*day* he wanted in the eyes of the phoenix. STEEVENS.

I do not perceive any need of change. The turtle saw those qualities which were his *right*, which were peculiarly *appropriated* to him in the phoenix. *Light* certainly corresponds better with the word *flaming* in the next line; but Shakespeare seldom puts his comparisons on four feet. MALONE.

Ib. l. 24. *Other mine*. Read—*other's mine*.

Ib. l. 25 and 26. *Property was thus appall'd, &c.* This communication of appropriated qualities alarmed the power that presides over property. Finding *that the self was not the same*, he began to fear that nothing would remain distinct and individual, that all things would become common. MALONE.

Ib. l. 27. *Single natures, double, &c.* Read—*nature's double, &c.*

P. 176, l. 1. *Reason itself, &c.* Read—Reason in itself, &c.

Ib. l. 7 and 8. *Love hath reason, &c.* Love is reasonable, and reason is folly, [has no reason] if two that are *disunited* from each other can yet remain together and undivided. MALONE.

Ib. l. 9. *This threne*. This funeral song. MALONE.

Ib. l. 16. *Hence inclosed*. Read—Here inclosed, &c.

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THE END.

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**J. Cundee, Printer,  
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